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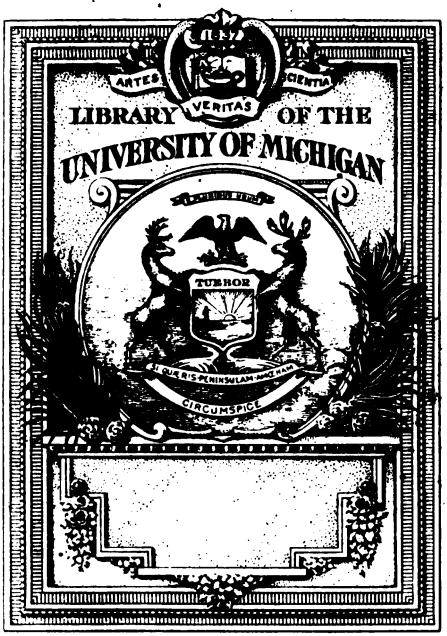
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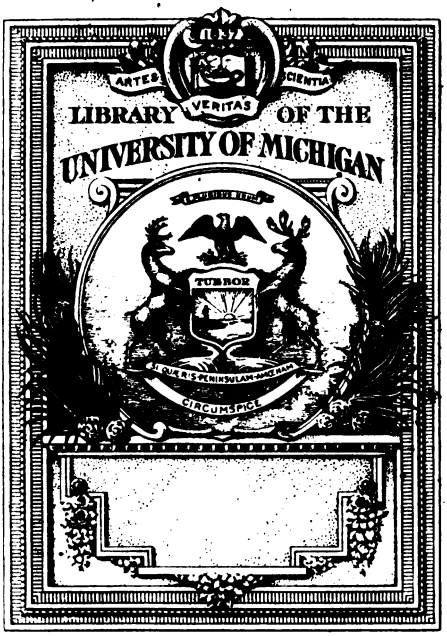
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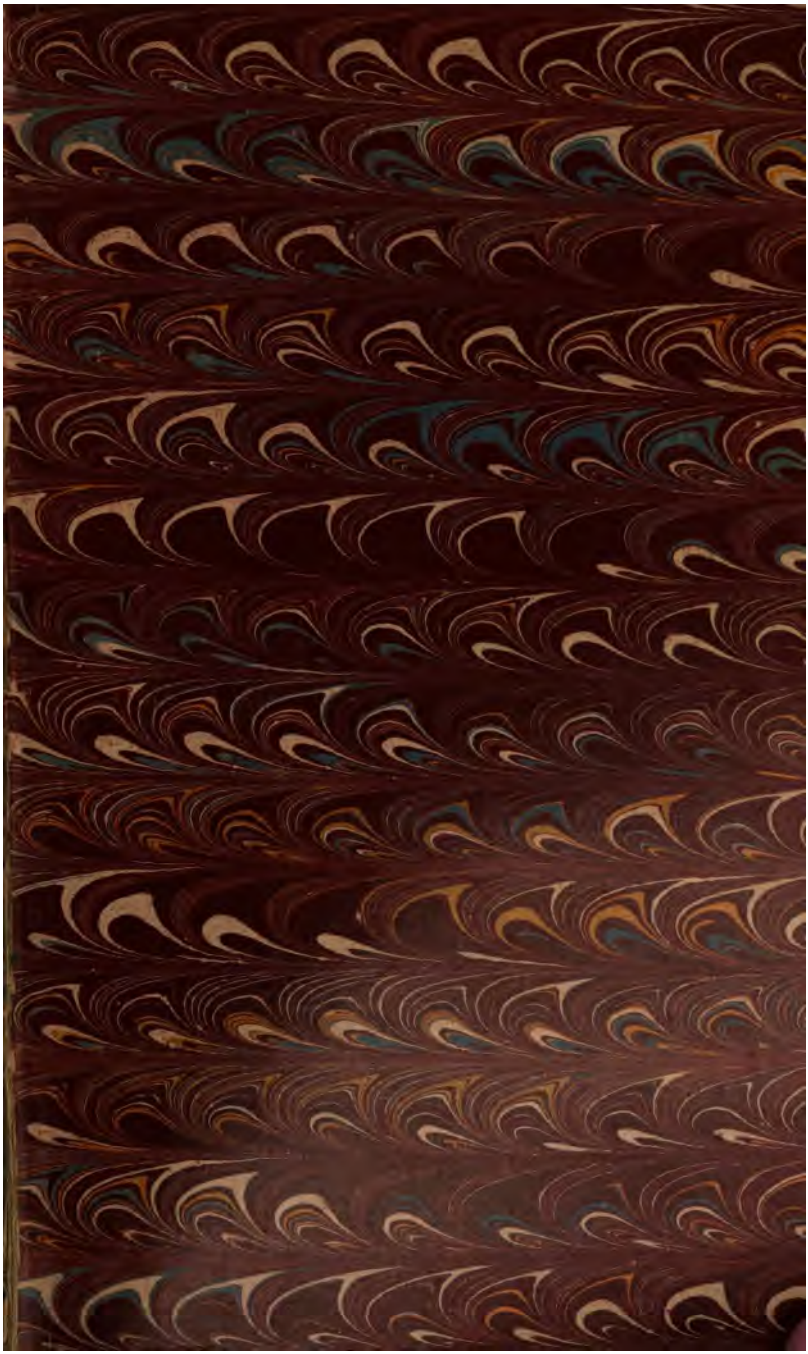

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

(Darby)

Mrs. MARY ROBINSON:

INCLUDING MANY

PIECES

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

'Twas in the mazes of a wood,
The lonely wood of AVEYRON,
I heard a melancholy tone:—
It seem'd to freeze my blood!
A torrent near was flowing fast,
And hollow was the midnight blast
As o'er the leafless woods it past,
While terror-fraught I stood!
O! mazy woods of AVEYRON!
O! wilds of dreary solitude!
Amid thy thorny alleys rude
I thought myself alone!
I thought no living thing could be
So weary of the world as me,—
While on my winding path the pale moon shone.

Sometimes the tone was loud and sad,
And sometimes dulcet, faint, and slow;
And then a tone of frantic woe:
It almost made me mad.
The burthen was "Alone! alone!"
And then the heart did feebly groan;—
Then suddenly a cheerful tone
Proclaim'd a spirit glad!
O! mazy woods of AVEYRON!
O! wilds of dreary solitude!
Amid your thorny alleys rude
I wish'd myself—a traveller alone.

"*Alone!*" I heard the wild boy say,—
And swift he climb'd a blasted oak;
And there, while morning's herald woke,
He watch'd the opening day.
Yet dark and sunken was his eye,
Like a lorn maniac's, wild and shy,
And scowling like a winter sky,
Without one beaming ray!
Then, mazy woods of AVEYRON!
Then, wilds of dreary solitude!
Amid thy thorny alleys rude
I sigh'd to be—a traveller alone.

"*Alone, alone!*" I heard him shriek,
'Twas like the shriek of dying man!
And then to mutter he began,—
But, O! *he could not speak!*
I saw him point to Heav'n, and sigh,
The big drop trembl'd in his eye;
And slowly from the yellow sky,
I saw the pale morn break.
I saw the woods of AVEYRON,
Their wilds of dreary solitude:
I mark'd their thorny alleys rude,
And wish'd to be—a traveller alone!

His hair was long and black, and he
From infancy *alone* had been:
For since his fifth year he had seen,
None mark'd his destiny!
No mortal ear had heard his groan,
For him no beam of Hope had shone:
While sad he sigh'd—"*alone, alone!*"
Beneath the blasted tree.
And then, O! woods of AVEYRON,
O! wilds of dreary solitude,
Amid your thorny alleys rude
I thought myself a traveller—alone.

And now upon the blasted tree
He carv'd *three* notches, broad and long,
And all the while he sang a song—
Of nature's melody!
And though of words he nothing knew,
And, though his dulcet tones were few,
Across the yielding bark he drew,
Deep sighing, notches THREE.
O! mazy woods of AVEYRON,
O! wilds of dreary solitude,
Amid your thorny alleys rude
Upon this BLASTED OAK no sun beam shone!

And now he pointed one, two, three;
Again he shriek'd with wild dismay;
And now he paced the thorny way,
Quitting the blasted tree.
It was a dark December morn,
The dew was frozen on the thorn:
But to a wretch so sad, so lorn,
All days alike would be!
Yet, mazy woods of AVEYRON,
Yet, wilds of dreary solitude,
Amid your frosty alleys rude
I wish'd to be—a traveller alone.

He follow'd me along the wood
To a small grot his hands had made,
Deep in a black rock's sullen shade,
Beside a tumbling flood.
Upon the earth I saw him spread
Of wither'd leaves a narrow bed,
Yellow as gold, and streak'd with red,
They look'd like streaks of blood!
Pull'd from the woods of AVEYRON,
And scatter'd o'er the solitude
By midnight whirlwinds strong and rude,
To pillow the scorch'd brain that throbb'd alone.

Wild berries were his winter food,
With them his sallow lip was dy'd;
On chesnuts wild he fed beside,
Steep'd in the foamy flood.
Chequer'd with scars his breast was seen,
Wounds streaming fresh with anguish keen,
And marks where other wounds had been
Torn by the brambles rude.
Such was the boy of AVEYRON,
The tenant of that solitude,
Where still, by misery unsubdued,
He wander'd *nine long winters*, all alone.

From HER the WILD BOY learn'd "ALONE,"
She tried to say, *my babe will die!*
But angels caught her parting sigh,
The BABE her *dying tone.*
And from that hour the BOY has been
Lord of the solitary scene,
Wand'ring the dreary shades between,
Making his dismal moan!
Till, mazy woods of AVEYRON,
Dark wilds of dreary solitude,
Amid your thorny alleys rude
I thought myself alone.
And could a wretch more wretched be,
More wild, or fancy-fraught than he,
Whose melancholy tale would pierce AN HEART OF STONE.

The following little Poems are written after the Model of the Old English Ballads, and are inscribed to those who admire the simplicity of that kind of versification.

SIR RAYMOND OF THE CASTLE.

A TALE.

NEAR GLARIS, on a mountain's side,
Beneath a shad'wy wood,
With walls of ivy compass'd round,
An ancient Castle stood.

By all rever'd, by all ador'd,
There dwelt a wealthy dame;
One peerless daughter bless'd her age,
A maid of spotless fame.

While one fair son, a gallant boy,
Whose VIRTUE was his shield,
Led on the dauntless sons of war,
Amidst the crimson'd field:

For o'er the land dissension reign'd
Full many a direful year,
And many a heart's best blood had stain'd
The proud oppressor's spear.

Young ELLA's charms had spread her fame
O'er all the country wide;
And youths of high descent and brave
Had sought her for their bride.

To win her love SIR RAYMOND came,
Sprung from a princely race;
Right valiant in each warlike art,
And blest with ev'ry grace.

In tournaments renown'd afar,
For manly feats admir'd;
His brilliant fame, his bold exploits,
The damsel's bosom fir'd.

Her blushing cheek, her down-cast eye,
Her secret flame confess'd;
The gallant RAYMOND's circling arm
The beauteous ELLA press'd.

From her fond mother's doating eyes
The radiant gem he bore;
The weeping maids and village swains
Beheld her charms no more.

Where the swift billows of the RHINE
Their shining curls disclose,
With many a gilded turret crown'd,
His splendid Palace rose.

The festive scene had scarce began,
When near the Castle wall
A messenger of warlike mien
On Raymond's name did call.

"Come forth, thou valiant Knight," he said,
"Thy prowess quickly show,
With speed prepare thy lance and shield
To meet the dauntless foe:

"The blood of many a noble Swiss
Doth stain the country round,
And many a brave aspiring youth
Lies vanquished on the ground.

"The daring Chief, whose shining spear
With purple gore is dy'd,
Oh! direful news, prepare to meet
THE BROTHER OF THY BRIDE."

Enrag'd, the haughty RAYMOND cried,
"Base wretch, receive thy doom!
For thy bold errand thou shalt die
Within a dungeon's gloom."

Speechless the mournful ELLA stood,
Despair her heart did wound,
When from the echoing tow'r she heard
The trumpet's dreadful sound.

Her cold wan cheek, her quiv'ring lip,
Bespoke her soul's deep woe,
From her blue eye the crystal drop
In silent grief did flow.

"For shame! shake off those woman's tears,"
The frowning bridegroom cried,
"And know, SIR RAYMOND's warlike breast
Disdains a timid bride.

"In vain you weep, ignoble dame;
Behold yon neighing steed;
My soldiers wait, my bosom burns
To CONQUER or to BLEED."

Forth went the Knight:—the frantic bride
To the high rampart flew;
With trembling heart she climb'd the wall,
Th' embattled plain to view.

On either side, by turns she thought
Proud vict'ry grac'd the field;
Till vanquish'd by her BROTHER's sword,
She saw her HUSBAND yield.

For refuge to his Castle gate
The bleeding warrior flew;
And from the battlements on high
His daring gauntlet threw.

Three days from dawn to setting sun
The hardy soldiers stood,
'Till faint with toil, by famine press'd,
They saw their chief subdu'd.

"Oh! haste my page," SIR RAYMOND said,
"The captive youth set free,
And bid him to the conqu'ror's feet
This message bear from me.

"Treasures immense of massy gold,
Rich gems and jewels rare,
As ransom will I freely give,
If he our lives will spare.

"If he consents, let garlands green
Thy peaceful brows adorn;
If hostile yet, beneath our walls,
Thrice sound thy bugle-horn."

Gaily he pass'd the outward gate;
But sadly he return'd;
His bugle-horn he sounded thrice,
No wreath his brows adorn'd.

"Thy gold," he cried, "the conqu'ror scorns,
He claims thy forfeit LIFE,
Thy precious gems, and jewels rare,
He gives thy beauteous wife.

"Your lands are free, your soldiers too,
And for young ELLA's sake,
To prove his truth, the gen'rous chief
This solemn vow did make.

"That whatsoe'er she holds most dear,
At morrow's dawn of day,
Her pages to some distant place
May safely bear away."

At dawn of light fair ELLA came,
Fresh as the rose of May;
SIR RAYMOND in a chest of gold
Her pages bore away!

She pass'd the gate with throbbing heart,
She pass'd the ranks among;
The praises of her peerless charms
Fell fast from ev'ry tongue.

"Halt, halt!" they cried, "right noble dame,
'Tis fit we should behold
Whether thy coffer ought contains
But gems and massy gold."

"O stay me not, ye gallant youths,
For soon it shall appear
This burnish'd coffer doth contain
All that I hold most dear!

"Take heed, my Brother, ah, take heed,
Nor break thy sacred word;
Nor let thy kinsman's blood degrade
The glories of thy sword!"

The Hero smil'd—fair ELLA's cheek
Glow'd with vermilion dye;
Fear chill'd her heart, the starting tear
Stood trembling in her eye.

Subdu'd, abash'd, her brother flew
And snatch'd her to his breast,
Then with an angel's pitying voice,
The vanquish'd chief address'd:

"Come forth, SIR RAYMOND, valiant knight,
Behold thy peerless wife;
Receive thy sword, and from HER hand
Accept thy forfeit life.

"Here shall the bloody contest end,
Let peace o'erspread the land;
More homage than the *conqueror's sword*
CAN BEAUTY'S TEARS COMMAND!"

DONALD AND MARY.

On Scotia's Hills a gentle Maid,
The fairest of the rustic throng,
When round the glitt'ring Moon-beams play'd,
Oft pour'd her sad and plaintive song:
Her eye was dimm'd with sorrow's tears,
Which from their azure fountain roll'd;
Her throbbing heart was fraught with fears;
Pale was her cheek, and deadly cold!

By Friends forgot, by Foes oppress'd,
By Fortune's chilling frown subdu'd,
Fierce Frenzy hover'd o'er her breast,
And wither'd Grief her steps pursu'd:
But, ah! more fatal e'en than those;
The worst of pangs 'twas hers to share;
While Envy, smiling, mock'd her woes—
For Envy feeds on human care.

A gallant Youth, of SCOTTISH birth,
Had woo'd and won the gentle maid;
Not all the treasur'd gems of earth
Like DONALD'S music could persuade;
Not all that INDIA'S shores supply,
Or all the wealth of BRITAIN'S Isle,
Could charm like DONALD'S speaking eye,
Or win the soul like DONALD'S smile.

But Glory, lifting high her crest,
His glowing fancy lur'd to arms;
Fame filled his young and panting breast—
He left his MARY'S world of charms.
Ill-fated DONALD fought and bled!
The green sod veil'd his manly form,
While round his dark and clay-cold bed
Bleak blew the wild and wint'ry storm.

No marble trophies deck'd the spot,
To ask the pensive trav'ler's sigh;
No verse to tell his hapless lot,
Or bid the valiant learn to die.
But there the Snow-drop, meek and pale,
With Morning's tears would oft' o'erflow;
And there the Bird of Sorrow's tale
Repeated MARY'S tender woe.

" Ah! who has seen my gallant Boy,
In martial trim, and rich array?
Ah! who has heard my only joy
Sing to yon Moon his roundelay?
His laurel shines in yonder sky,
The brightest of the starry train;
Though in the grave his beauties lie,
All crimson'd o'er with many a stain.

" Ah! have you seen my DONALD brave,
Enthron'd on yonder passing cloud?
Or gliding o'er yon whitening wave,
Or chaunting, 'midst the tempest loud?
Now, o'er yon hill the day-star peeps,
The merry birds awake to glee;
Low in the grave my DONALD sleeps,
Nor hears their song, nor thinks of me!

" Give me his sword, of mickle fame,
And give me too, his bonnet gay;
On the green-turf to carve his name,
And decorate his hallow'd clay.
Ye costly graves, where Monarchs lie,
With Crowns and Sceptres, won by birth;
Vainly your glitt'ring baubles vie
With DONALD's Sword, and DONALD's Worth!"

By weeping Evening's fading light,
Far o'er the thistled heath she stray'd,
Till, lost amidst the frowns of night,
The cold blast chill'd the beauteous maid:
Along the dreary, desart gloom
Her mournful song was heard to glide;
"WITH JOY," she said, "I MEET MY DOOM!"
Then sigh'd her DONALD's name—AND DIED!

LLWHÉN AND GWYNETH*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1782.

"WHEN will my troubled soul have rest?"
The blue-eyed LLWHEN cried;
As thro' the murky shade of night
With frantic step she hied.

"When shall those eyes my GWYNETH's face,
My GWYNETH's form survey?
When shall those longing eyes again
Behold the dawn of day?

* From Mr. John Williams's prose translation of a lately discovered Welsh Poem, preserved in the Collection of Arthur Price, Esq. It is supposed to have been written by Tateisin, in Ben Batridd, A. D. 534.

" Cold are the dews that wet my cheek,
The night-mist damps the ground;
Appalling echoes strike mine ear,
And spectres gleam around.

" The vivid lightning's transient rays
Around my temples play;
'Tis all the light my fate affords
To mark my thorny way.

" From the black mountain's awful height,
Where LLATHRYTH's turrets rise,
The dark owl screams a direful song,
And warns me as she flies.

" The chilling blast, the whistling winds,
The mould'ring ramparts shake;
The hungry tenants of the wood
Their cavern'd haunts forsake.

" My trembling limbs, unus'd to stray
Beyond a father's door,
Full many a mile have journeyed forth,
Each footstep mark'd with gore.

" No costly sandals deck my feet,
By thorns and briars torn;
The cold rain chills my rosy cheek,
Whose freshness sham'd the morn.

" Slow steals the life-stream at my heart,
Dark clouds o'ershade my eyes;
Foreboding sorrow tells my soul
My captive Hero dies.

" Yet if one gentle ray of hope
Can sooth the soul to rest,
Oh! may it pierce yon flinty tow'r,
And warm my GWYNETH's breast.

" And if soft pity's tearful eye
A Tyrant's heart can move,
Ill-fated LLWHEN yet may live
To clasp her vanquished Love.

" And tho' stern war with bonds of steel
His graceful form shall bind,
No earthly spell has pow'r to hold
The freedom of his mind.

"And tho' his warm and gallant heart
Now yields to fate's decree,
Its feelings spurn the base constraint,
And fly to LOVE and ME!

"Then, BANWORTH*, Lion of the field!
O, hear a maiden plead;
Sheath not thy sword in GWYNETH's breast,
Or too, let LLWHEN bleed!

"To valiant feats of arms renown'd
Shall earthly praise be giv'n;
But deeds of MERCY, mighty Chief,
Are register'd in HEAV'N!

"The minstrels' song of praise shall fill
The Palace of thy foe;
While down the joyful LLWHEN's cheek
The grateful tear shall flow.

"And sure the tear that VIRTUE sheds
Some rapture can impart;
What gem can deck a victor's throne
Like incense from the heart?"

* BANWORTH is supposed to have been the Lord of the Bright Castle.

Now the grey Morning's silv'ry light,
  Dawn'd in the eastern skies,
When at the lofty lattice grate
  Her Lover's form she spies.

"He lives!" she cried, "My GWYNETH lives!
  Youth of the crimson shield!
The graceful Hero of my heart,
  The glory of the field!

"Come down, my soul's delight!" she said,
  "Thy blue-eyed LLWHEN see;
YRGANVY's Daughter, thy true Love,
  Who only breathes for THEE:

"Then haste thee from thy prison house,
  Ere yet the Foe doth rise!
Oh! haste ere yet the Morning Sun
  Doth flame along the skies.

"Ah, speak! my heart is chill'd with fear,
  My fault'ring voice doth fail;
Why are thy darling eyes so dim,
  Thy cheeks so deathly pale?"

"I am THY GWYNETH'S GHOST, sweet maid,
Avoid the madd'ning sight;
Those eyes that doated on thy charms
Are clos'd in endless night.

"This loyal heart, which beat for thee,
Is rent with many a wound;
Cleft is my shield, my glitt'ring spear
Lies broke on MONIA'S ground.

"My bones the eagle hath convey'd
To feed her rav'nous brood;
The black-brow'd BANWORTH'S savage hand
Hath spilt my purple blood.

"Then hie thee hence, ill-fated maid,
Ere greater woes betide,
To where TEIVI'S* silver streams
Along the vallies glide.

"There, where the modest PRIMROSE blooms,
Pale as thy lover's shade,
My mangled relics shalt thou find
Upon the green turf laid.

* At the Waters of TEIVI the hero fell.

" Then hie thee hence, with holy hands
Build up a sacred shrine,
And oh! chaste maid, thy faith to prove,
Unite thy dust with mine!"

Ah! have you seen a mother's joy
In cherub sweetness dress'd,
Seiz'd by the numbing hand of death,
Expiring at her breast?

Or the fond maid, whom morrow's dawn
Had hail'd a wedded fair,
Doom'd to behold her lover's corse
Scorch'd by the lightning's glare?

So stood the hopeless, frantic maid,
YRGANVY's graceful child,
Cold was her cheek, her dove-like eyes
Fix'd in amazement wild!

" This panting heart," at length she cried,
" A sharper pang doth feel
Than thine, brave youth, when rent in twain
By BANWORTH's poison'd steel.

"No more these sad and weeping eyes
My father's house shall see;
To airy halls, from MONA's hill,
I haste to follow thee.

"Beside thy tomb the Chieftain's tear
Shall join the foamy surge;
And oft upon the desert heath
The DRUID chaunt thy dirge.

"The weary Trav'ller, faint and sad,
Shall stay his steps awhile;
The memory of his OWN hard fate
THY story shall beguile.

"There, wet with many a holy tear,
The sweetest buds shall blow,
There LLWHEN's ghost shall mark the shrine,
A monument of woe!"

Thrice did he ope the lattice grate,
And thrice he bade adieu;
When, lo! to join the parting shade,
The MAIDEN'S SPIRIT FLEW!

ANSELMO,
THE HERMIT OF THE ALPS.

WHERE, mingling with HELVETIA's skies,
The snow-clad mountains glitt'ring rise;
Far from the din of busy life,
From specious fraud, and envious strife;
From trivial joys, and empty show,
And all the taunting tribes of woe;
Deep in a forest's silent shade,
For holy Meditation made,
ANSELMO liv'd!—his humble shed
Rear'd, 'midst the gloom, its rushy head.
Full many a flow'r, of loveliest hue,
Around his mossy threshold grew:
His little vineyard food supply'd,
His healthful cup the rippling tide;
The wood his tranquil bow'r of noon,
His midnight lamp the silv'ry moon;
His simple garb and modest mien,
The emblems of the soul within.

Lost to the world, by all forgot,
No envious fiend assail'd his cot;
His matin pray'r, his ev'ning song,
Proclaim'd a conscience void of wrong;
While, with a pure and feeling mind,
He wept the woes of human kind.
For when the young ANSELMO try'd
The paths of luxury and pride,
He found in every gaudy scene
Light Vanity, with wanton mien,
And base Self-Interest, grov'ling guest,
And Envy with deep-wounded breast,
And Pow'r that spurn'd the hapless race,
And Splendour gilding o'er disgrace;
And bold Oppression's pond'rous chain,
To load the groaning Sons of Pain!

ANSELMO's heart, with virtue stor'd,
Disgusted every path explor'd;
For still in each a thorn he found,
Whose hidden point was sure to wound:
Friends murd'ring with a specious smile,
And kindred bosoms fraught with guile;
And reptiles who, in baseness bold,
Unblushing barter'd love for gold!

Blest might have been his lot obscure!
What cannot patient worth endure?
But, ah! within his feeling heart,
Long-cherish'd Passion fix'd its dart,
And, braving Reason's pow'rful aid,
Had bid his cheeks bright crimson fade.
With every mental joy at strife,
Its poisons dash'd the sweets of life;
Brought Discontent, and all her train,
To wring his soul with ceaseless pain,
Each morn with clouds to cross his way,
To haunt his path at sinking day;
And when his midnight couch he press'd,
With weedy mischiefs sting his breast.

Despairing, lost, perplex'd to find
No balm to heal his tortur'd mind;
At early dawn, at twilight's close,
Still wounding thought deny'd repose.
In vain, to quit the maid ador'd,
ANSELMO solitude explor'd:
For e'en amidst the glooms around
Her peerless beauty still he found.
In every rose her blushing cheek
Seem'd with resistless grace to speak;
The lily fair, in perfumes drest,
Pourtray'd her spotless fragrant breast;

The stream, reflecting back the sky,
Brought to his mind her azure eye;
The sun, in amber lustre roll'd,
Glow'd like her locks of silky gold;
The lonely turtle's plaintive moan
Recall'd her song's celestial tone;
And ev'ry dew-drop, trembling near,
Gave to his soul—*her parting tear!*

Oh! fatal hour, when friends severe
Beheld unmov'd that PARTING TEAR,
When, vanquish'd by the sordid crew,
ANSELMO bade the world adieu;
When, bow'd to rigid duty's sway,
He saw his fairest hopes decay,
His short-liv'd visions of delight
O'erwhelm'd, and lost in endless night.

Once more in search of peace to roam,
ANSELMO left his hermit's home:
For three long years had bid him prove
That absence cannot conquer love;
That in the breast where passion burns,
Each nerve officious reason spurns;
Though in the gulph of mis'ry cast,
It loves to ponder on the past;
While Mem'ry, with a keener sense,
Still paints the eye's soft eloquence,

Still marks the blush of feeling meek,
Still whispers more than words can speak,
Still bids tumultuous throbbings prove
That language was not made for love!
Still Fancy cheats the wounded breast,
With momentary raptures blest;
And, e'en when Hope denies relief,
Reflection feeds the source of grief.

"Perish the thought!" ANSELMO cry'd,
"That hearts, by mutual vows ally'd,
Should passive crouch to tyrant pow'r,
And dark'ning youth's effulgent hour,
Sink in oblivion's whelming tide,
The victims of insatiate pride!

"PERISH THE THOUGHT, that genuine fires
Should fading yield to low desires;
That those who cannot, DARE NOT, prove
The sweet vicissitudes of love,
Should by the spells of paltry gold
The Child of Worth in thraldom hold,
And, dead'ning all the thrills of soul,
Bend Nature to their stern controul.

"Shall man o'er man a tyrant prove,
And Fortune guide the shafts of Love?
Shall those, by Heav'n's own influence join'd,
By feeling, sympathy, and mind,

The sacred voice of truth deny,
And mock the mandate of the sky?
Shall the proud breast, with virtue stor'd,
Bow like the vassal to his lord,
And, prodigal of life's short day,
In base submission fade away?
Then sink unpitied to the grave,
A wretch abhor'd!—A WILLING SLAVE!"

Rous'd from his dream, the hermit sought
The scene once more, with mis'ry fraught;
Clad in a pilgrim's mean array,
From morn's approach till parting day
The toilsome thorny path he trod,
No guide but Hope,—no friend but God!
And when the shades of night o'erspread
The misty mountain's breezy head,
Exhausted, on earth's humid breast,
He kiss'd his cross, and sunk to rest.

At length, his weary weeping eyes
With joy beheld the day-star rise:
For morning gave his raptur'd sight
The long-lost scene of fond delight,
Where gentle ROSA, peerless maid!
Once like a sun illum'd the shade;
Or, as the jewel gilds the mine,
Bade dazzling lustre round her shine.

How throbb'd ANSELMO's heart, when near,
The well-known vespers hail'd his ear!
How did he watch declining day,
How pant to greet its parting ray!
For welcome to the lover's sight
Appear the murky shades of night;
And sacred every haunt must prove,
That hides the timid blush of love.

Now Hope inspir'd his bleeding breast—
Now Fear each thrilling joy suppress'd,—
While to his ROSA's proud abode
Forlorn ANSELMO sought the road,
And near her lofty window crept,
When all her sordid kindred slept;
While the chaste moon, with pitying light,
Stole veil'd across the dome of night,
And ev'ry zephyr, wand'ring near,
Kiss'd from his cheek a sacred tear.

"Come, ROSA fair!" the Hermit said,
"Bright star of beauty, chear the shade!
ANSELMO calls!—ere rising day
Exulting spreads its envious ray,
Beam comfort on my dark despair,
Light of my life, my ROSA fair!"

Yet all was silent, all was drear,
ANSELMO's soul was chill'd with fear!
The sun rush'd forth, his beamy gold
Around the misty mountain roll'd:
The landscape glow'd with colours gay,
New gilded by the eastern ray;
While ev'ry blossom trembling near
Dropp'd from its leaves a chrystal tear,
And seem'd, by sympathy, to show
That Nature weeps a lover's woe!

Fear bade ANSELMO's feet depart,
While anguish wrung his burning heart;
With devious step he sought the wood,
Where, ivy-crown'd, a convent stood;
Where many a young and noble maid,
Like a fair flowret doom'd to fade,
In Superstition's mournful gloom,
A weeping angel—grac'd a tomb!
ANSELMO now, with throbbing breast,
Approach'd the shrine of fancied rest:
With trembling touch the latch he rais'd,
Then, kneeling; cross'd his brow, and prais'd!
The gate on creaking hinges mov'd,
And loud his daring hand reprov'd.
While through the cloister drear he pass'd,
Cold blew the whistling northern blast;

The turrets tott'ring o'er his head,
Shook his faint soul with conscious dread;
Till by the taper's quiv'ring ray
To the long aisle he bent his way,
Where, chaunting o'er a sable bier,
Begem'd with many a holy tear,
The white-rob'd virgins kneeling paid
Sad tribute to a sister's shade!

ANSELMO's garb, and downcast look,
A Pilgrim's penitence bespoke!
Though sorrow mark'd his manly face,
His eye retain'd celestial grace.

A welcome guest, he join'd the throng,
The sacred rites, the Heav'nly song!
Till bending o'er the fun'ral bed,
The consecrated oil to shed,
He started back in wild amaze,
Death-wounded by the fatal gaze!
For there his DARLING MAID he found,
And, madd'ning at the sight, fell LIFELESS TO THE GROUND!

BOSWORTH FIELD.

GLIDING o'er the moonlight heath,
Mark the shad'wy tribes of Death!
Hark! their airy voices say,
"Haste thee, Mortal! haste away!

"While our clashing halberts bright
Glisten by the lamp of night;
While our hosts, in hostile pride,
O'er the thistled desart glide;

"Soon shall turbid clouds absorb
Spectred midnight's paly Orb!
Soon shall Horror grasp its ray:—
Wand'ring Mortal, haste away!

" Chilly blows the northern blast;
Deadly dews are rising fast;
Quit, oh! quit this haunted heath,
Sacred to the tribes of Death!

" Screech-owls warn thee of thy fate,
Fly thee, ere it be too late!
All is sad, and all is drear,
Wherefore, mortal, wander here?"

All is silent!—yon black cloud
Soon the waning Moon will shroud:
All is dark!—the moaning wind
Turbid vapours haste to bind.

Now the sev'ring skies again
Chear with light the spangled plain:
Now low murmurs sadly say,
" Stay thee, gentle wand'rer, stay."

What art thou, slow gliding by,
With snowy robe, and glaring eye?
Quickly fleeting shadow, say
Whither wouldst thou bend thy way?

Why invite my steps along
To yon pale and warlike throng?
Wherefore wave thy lily hand,
Beck'ning back the ghastly band?

"Stranger, hear my mournful strain,
Ere the day-star gilds the plain;
Ere the rosy beams of light
Bid me fade from mortal sight!

"This is BOSWORTH's fatal field,
Plough'd with many a shatter'd shield!
This is BOSWORTH's silent grave
Of chieftains bold, and bowmen brave!

"Here the flow'r of ENGLAND's pride,
Wading through a purple tide,
Forc'd the ranks the tyrant led
O'er the heaps of mighty dead!

"While, amidst a sea of blood,
NORFOLK*! OXFORD*! PEMBROKE*! stood;
ENGLAND's bane, and ENGLAND's boast,
Rush'd to arms,—a dauntless host!

---

* The Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Oxford, and Earl of Pembroke. The former was slain at the Battle of Bosworth.

" Yonder valiant RICHMOND's breast
Onward to the tyrant press'd!
Yonder, mad with many a wound,
Hellish RICHARD gnaw'd the ground!

" See his faulchion deep embu'd
With valiant BRANDON's* vital blood;
See its crimson'd fragments glare
Hideous through the stagnant air!

" Start not, Mortal!—Hear my tale:
See my cheek so deadly pale,
Once the fairest freshest flow'r,
Plac'd by Heav'n in LEICESTER's† bow'r.

" Peerless BERTHA was my name,
First in beauty, first in fame!
Gallant HUBERT was my pride:
HUBERT fell, and BERTHA died!

---

* Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the Earl of Richmond, a gallant knight, slain by the hand of the tyrant Richard, at the Battle of Bosworth.

† Leicester is the nearest town to Bosworth Field.

" Ermin'd robe and tissu'd vest
Never more shall wrap this breast;
Now my death-bed trappings view,
Pale and gem'd with frozen dew!

" Perfect was my HUBERT's mind,
Train'd to arms, by love refin'd!
Speaking was his hazle eye,
Smooth his cheek, of ruddy dye.

" Raven black his glossy hair,
Shading o'er his forehead fair:
Night's impervious curtains so
Veil the mountain's spotless snow!

" Onward rush'd his palfry white,
Deck'd with silver bosses bright;
Bosses, doom'd their rays to shed
O'er my HUBERT's funeral bed!

" O'er his golden helmet gay
Gaudy plumage fann'd the day:
Hapless plumes! ye wave no more,
HUBERT's crest is drench'd in gore!

" When the battle's fierce alarms
Lur'd my hero from my arms,
Who my parting throb can tell?
Who, but those that love as well?

" But, when o'er the tented heath
Horror wing'd the lance of Death;
When my gallant HUBERT fell,
None, alas! my woes can tell.

" Three short moons beheld me rave
O'er my mangled lover's grave!
Countless moons shall see my ghost
Hov'ring near yon shad'wy host!

" Nightly will I glide along
Near the vast terrific throng!
Nightly shall my mournful strain
Echo o'er this haunted plain!

" For, perchance, amidst the throng
HUBERT's shade shall catch the song;
Though a strain of rending woe,
HUBERT BERTHA's strain will know!

" Then, my love again may join
Tender sighs and plaints to mine;
Or to some more peaceful shore
We may glide, to part no more!

" See, the yellow dawn appears!
Gentle wand'rer, check thy tears:
See, my shadow shuns the day!
Haste thee, mortal, haste away!"

THE DOUBLET OF GREY.

BENEATH the tall turrets that nod o'er the dell,
A dark forest now blackens the mound;
Where often, at dawn-light, the deep-sounding bell
Tolls sadly and solemn a soul-parting knell,
While the ruin re-echoes the sound.

Yet long has the castle been left to decay,
For its ramparts are skirted with thorn;
And no one by moonlight will venture that way,
Lest they meet the poor maid, in her doublet of grey,
As she wanders, all pale and forlorn!

"And why should she wander? O tell me, I pray,
And, oh! why does she wander alone?"
Beneath the dark ivy, now left to decay,
With no shroud, but a coarse simple doublet of grey,
Lies her bosom as cold as a stone.

Time was when no form was so fresh, or so fair,
Or so comely, when richly array'd:
She was tall, and the jewels that blaz'd in her hair
Could no more with her eye's living lustre compare,
Than a rose with the cheek of the maid.

She lov'd!—but the youth, who had vanquish'd her heart,
Was the heir of a peasant's hard toil;
For no treasure had he: yet, a stranger to art,
He would oft by a look to the damsel impart
What the damsel receiv'd with a smile.

Whene'er to the wake or the chace she would go,
The young THEODORE loiter'd that way;
Did the sun-beams of summer invitingly glow,
Or across the bleak common the winter winds blow,
Still he watch'd till the closing of day.

Her parents so wealthy, her kindred so proud,
Heard the story of love with dismay;
They rav'd, and they storm'd, by the Virgin they vow'd,
That, before they would see her so wedded, a shroud
Should be MADELINE's bridal array.

One night, it was winter, all dreary and cold,
And the moon-beams shone paly and clear;
When she open'd her lattice, in hopes to behold
Her THEODORE's form, when the turret-bell toll'd,
And the blood in her heart froze with fear.

Near the green-mantled moat her stern father she spied,
And a grave he was making with speed;
The light, which all silver'd the castle's strong side,
Display'd his wild gestures, while madly he cry'd—
"Cursed caitiff! thy bosom shall bleed!"

Distracted, forlorn, from the castle of pride,
She escap'd at the next close of day:
Her soft blushing cheek with dark berries all dy'd,
With a spear on her shoulder, a sword by her side,
And her form in a *doublet of grey*.

She travers'd the courts, not a vassal was seen,
Through the gate, hung with ivy, she flew:
The sky was unclouded, the air was serene,
The moon shot its rays, the long vistas between,
And her doublet was spangled with dew.

O'er the cold breezy downs to the hamlet she hied,
Where the cottage of THEODORE stood;
For its low roof of rushes she oft had descried,
When she drank of the brook that foam'd wild by its side,
While the keen hunters travers'd the wood.

The sky on a sudden grew dark, and the wind,
With a deep sullen murmur, rush'd by;
She wander'd about, but no path could she find,
While horrors on horrors encompass'd her mind
When she found that no shelter was nigh.

And now, on the dry wither'd fern, she cou'd hear
The hoofs of swift horses rebound;
She stopp'd and she listen'd, she trembled with fear,
When a voice most prophetic and sad met her ear,
And she shudder'd and shrunk at the sound.

"'Tis here we will wait," cry'd the horseman; "for see
How the moon with black clouds is o'erspread;
No hut yields a shelter, no forest a tree—
This heath shall young THEODORE's bridal-couch be,
And the cold earth shall pillow his head.

"Hark! some one approaches:—now stand we aside,
We shall know him—for see, the moon's clear;
In a doublet of grey he now waits for his bride,
But, ere dawn-light, the carle shall repent of his pride,
And his pale maugled body rest here."

Again, the moon shrouded in clouds, o'er the plain
The horsemen were scatter'd far wide;
The night became stormy, the fast falling rain
Beat hard on her bosom, which dar'd not complain,
And the torrent roll'd swift by her side.

Now clashing of swords overwhelm'd her with dread,
While her ear met the deep groan of death;
"Yield, yield thee, bold peasant," the murderer said,
"This turf with thy heart's dearest blood shall be red,
And thy bones whiten over the heath."

Now shrieking, despairing, she starts from the ground,
And her spear, with new strength, she lets go:
She aim'd it at random, she felt it rebound
From the sure hand of Fate, which inflicted the wound,
As it drank the life-blood of her foe.

The morning advanced, o'er the pale chilling skies
Soon the warm rosy tints circled wide;
But, oh God! with what anguish, what terror she flies,
When her father, all cover'd with wounds, she descries
With her lover's pale corpse by his side!

Half frantic she fell on her parent's cold breast,
And she bath'd her white bosom with gore;
Then, in anguish the form of young THEODORE press'd—
"I will yet be thy bride, in the grave we will rest,"
She exclaim'd; and she suffer'd no more.

Now o'er the wild heath when the winter winds blow,
And the moon-silver'd fern branches wave,
Pale THEODORE's spectre is seen gliding slow,
As he calls on the damsel in accents of woe,
Till the bell warns him back to his grave.

And while the deep sound echoes over the wood,
Now the villagers shrink with dismay;
For, as legends declare, where the castle once stood,
'Mid the ruins, by moonlight, all cover'd with blood,
Shrieks the maid—in *her doublet of grey!*

THE FOSTER-CHILD.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

CANTO I.

'Mid Cambria's hills a lowly cottage stood,
Circled with mossy tufts of sombre green;
A vagrant brook flow'd wildly thro' the wood,
Flashing in lucid lapse the shades between;
And, cloth'd in mist, a distant hut was seen:
A village spire above the copse rose white;
And oft, when summer clos'd the day serene,
The broad horizon glisten'd golden-bright,
Beskirted here and there with purple-tinted light.

Close by the river's marge a ruin stands,
Which time for ages taught to moulder slow;
And there, as legends tell, the Druid bands
To SNOWDEN's summit rais'd the dirge of woe,
Whene'er the warriors' blood was bade to flow:
And when the yellow dawn, with weeping eye,
Above the ivy'd battlements 'gan glow,
From the black tow'rs their fading ghosts would cry,
'Till the wide gates of day flam'd in the eastern sky.

And there the minstrel's airy harp would sound,
In soft vibrations musically sad;
And there a stream of light would quiver 'round,
While spectres gleam'd, in shroudy vestments clad;
And many, hearing their loud shrieks, grew mad!
And still the little cot was cheerful seen;
And the poor foster-mother, smiling, glad
That pride and pomp had ne'er her portion been,
But all her nights and days pass'd on in peace serene.

Sprung from a race obscure, she little knew
The many snares that lurk in paths of state:
She, mountain-cherish'd with the guileless few,
Nor fear'd the cunning nor obey'd the great;
Her bosom tranquil, and her soul elate!
She from soft slumbers merrily awoke
Ere morn with humid fingers op'd her gate;
And listen'd, cheerful, while the woodman's stroke
Levell'd the loftiest pine, or cleft the proudest oak.

And happy had the foster-mother been,
But that her wedded mate was old and poor;
Tho' as no splendid days the pair had seen,
They envied not the rich their shining store,
The costly banquet, nor the marble floor.
Pleas'd with her toil, the nurse of lusty Health,
She found contentment, and she sought no more;
While Time, which conquers e'en the brave by stealth,
Scatter'd 'mid Folly's train the *miseries* of wealth.

Full sixty summers had old OWEN seen,
And now his hair grew whiter ev'ry day;
And he, who once a sturdy hind had been,
Now found his strength was wasting quick away,
While creeping Palsy shook his feeble clay;
And now came Discontent, with pining mien,
And eager Avarice, which, gossips say,
Is age's bitter curse; and so, I ween,
Old OWEN found the hag, the nurse of envious spleen.

And now he hobbled through the splashy lane,
While the night-breeze his weary bones would shake;
And now the mountain's summit to attain
He panted loud, as tho' his heart would break,
And sorely did his limbs begin to ache:
And when the snow was drifted, or the rain
Swell'd the small rivulet to foaming rage,
He felt the chilling mist in every vein,
And, like a wounded deer, droop'd languid o'er the plain.

And sometimes to the ruin he would hie,
And there, upon a mossy fragment, wait,
Watching the red blaze of the ev'ning sky,
Gilding with flaming gold the roofs of state,
The fretted column, and the trophied gate:
And thus he ponder'd on the wrecks of Time,
While o'er his head the bird of gloom would cry,
And all around the black'ning ivy climb,
Shadowing the sacred Haunts of Solitude sublime.

And then the varying destiny of Man
Employ'd his thoughts till twilight's veil was spread;
And much he murmur'd at the chequer'd plan,
And many a tear, repining sore, he shed;
And now in mute reflection bow'd his head,
With arms enwoven, and with downcast eyes,
The page of human misery he read,
Where Wealth for Honesty its thralment tries
While at Oppression's feet the child of Virtue dies.

Then fancy led him to the battle's rage,
Where flush'd Ambition rear'd its sanguine crest,
Where men with men, like tigers, fierce engage,
The brother's sword against the brother's breast:
And then he rais'd his eyes to heav'n, and bless'd;
For blood had never stain'd his trembling hand,
But holy Innocence, by Pity drest,
Spurning the pride of insolent command,
Had nerv'd his shuddering heart to scorn th' oppressor's brand.

Thus did he ruminate; while many a tale
Told by the gabbling gossips of the plain,
O'er his lean cheek diffus'd a deadly pale,
Bidding him seek his cheerful home again:
Now fancy bade him ken the warrior train
Winding the mazes of the merry dance,
With pages silken-clad, and ladies vain,
And banners thickly pierc'd with many a lance,
And palfries milky-white, that champing loud did prance;

While airy harps, by sainted Druids smote,
Pour'd the soft cadence from their golden strings;
And groans of murder'd chieftains seem'd to float
O'er Cambria's tow'ring pride, on Echo's wings:
And now the gushing of a thousand springs
Call'd forth the elfin tribes, in dew bedight;
And now the vaulted arch with clamors rings;
And starry eyes, spangling the face of Night,
Seem'd thro' the murky gloom to shed translucent light.

Now OWEN, rising from his moss-clad seat,
Thro' the lone forest bent his silent way;
And faint the pulses of his bosom beat,
Till, peering calm and clear, the moony ray
Diffus'd o'er SNOWDEN's summit mimic day;
And, while the dry leaves whisper'd thro' the wood,
He mark'd the casement of his hut display
A long pale stream of light—and swift his blood
Danc'd in his shrivell'd veins, like youth's returning flood.

But suddenly a voice was heard to moan,
Soft as the sighing of the southern wind;
And then a milder and a milder tone:—
He started, stopp'd, and trembling look'd behind.
What feeble spells can hold the human mind?
And now, in tears, before old OWEN stood
A beauteous lady! Of the loftiest kind
So did she seem; but those of loftiest blood
Live not in noblest deeds, as noblest natures should.

The moony light fell clear upon her vest,
For whiteness rivalling the stately swan;
And yet less snowy than her beating breast,
Whose fires the quenching tears fell fast upon;
And mournful was her mien, and woe-begone:
Yet her soft eyes might ruffian-rage command,
Tho' her cold cheek and lip were deathly wan;
For on her heart she laid her trembling hand,
And, like a guilty wretch, did faint and feeble stand.

And now she rush'd the woody brakes among;
And now again she'd quit the dim retreat,
While suddenly her nerves grew firm and strong,
For in her arms she bore a baby sweet,
Wrapp'd in a costly robe, with trappings meet,
That glisten'd where the moon's pale lustre fell;
And now she knelt forlorn at OWEN's feet,
While with such rending woes her heart 'gan swell
As only those who feel can ever learn to tell.

Slow from her breast a purse of gold she drew,
(Ah, poison fatal to the soul of man!)
While o'er the world a misty vapour flew;
For Nature shrunk the guilty deed to scan:
The fount in OWEN's bosom chilly ran;
The lady sigh'd—the babe his finger press'd—
The lonely owl its nightly shriek began,
The ring-dove murmur'd in its leafy nest,
While the fell murd'rer's ghost laugh'd in his grave unblest.

And now the lady spoke, with fault'ring tongue
" Know'st thou the torrent by the mountain's
side ?
There a fantastic crag with wild weeds hung
Frowns o'er the thunders of the foaming tide ;
No mortal sounding yet the gulph has tried ?"
Now OWEN shudder'd, for his heart grew cold ;
And now again the lady sternly cried,—
" Down the black rock this baby must be roll'd !
Nay, shrink not from the deed ; be rich, as thou
art bold.

" Waste not in vulgar toil thy feeble age ;
Bid Poverty, with all its ills, retire :
Ought Conscience warfare with the heart to
wage,
When all its passions, all its joys, expire ?
Who shall condemn Ambition's glorious fire ?
Who bid thee linger thro' thy little day
The slave of gilded fools ? whose ruthless ire
Will bend thee to the grave, a willing prey,
And bid, in envious scorn, thy very name decay.

"The soldier sheds, for gold, a brother's blood;
The sons of Rapine revel wild in joys;
For gold the sailor ploughs the billowy flood;
The statesman barters for Ambition's toys:
And shall vile Misery thy peace annoy?
Shall threat'ning Famine pinch thee to the heart
While gold can every scorpion care destroy,
Pouring its unction sweet on every smart,
And blunting, ere it falls, Oppression's with'ring dart?"

And now again the babe his finger press'd,
Imploring silently his fost'ring care:
'Twas Nature's eloquence; it touch'd his breast,
For Nature's spark was not extinguish'd there!
He to his bosom snatch'd the treasure rare;
It nestled fondly: while the lady base
Rush'd thro' the forest; and the morning-air,
Fanning with fragrant wings the baby's face,
O'erspread his dimpled cheek with tints of rosy grace.

Now to the margin of the rock they came:
The hunter's merry horn was heard afar;
The cold dew glitter'd, while the sunny flame
Rush'd unimpeded o'er the morning-star,
Rolling o'er clouds of gold Day's burning car:
And now the lark its hymn of rapture sung,
The sheep-bell tinkled, and the deaf'ning jar,
Of tumbling torrents thro' the valley rung,
While the young playful kid frisk'd the dank weeds among.

Now OWEN, pacing by the bounding flood,
With arms extended held the fearless child;
And soon an icy languor chill'd his blood;
And now his starting eye-balls gazing wild,
Fix'd on the baby, as it sweetly smil'd,
While the rude crag the trembling caitiff trod;
When lo! his wither'd hands, by gold defil'd,
Were numb'd and palsied like a senseless clod,
Smote by the chast'ning pow'r of NATURE's shudd'ring God!

Now up the mazes of the dark'ning dell
The foster-mother, like a maniac, hied;
And bursting sighs her bosom taught to swell,
For at the dawn of day her son had died!
Her only son—old OWEN's lusty pride!
But grief to horror turn'd when OWEN told
The story of the lady—who, to hide
Her guilt and shame, had sought, by 'witching gold,
To have her own dear babe down the black mountain roll'd!

And ere the setting sun, with vivid ray,
Gilded the casement of their hovel low,
She saw the raven cross the foamy way;
She heard the screech-owl o'er the mountain go;
While the true sheep-dog howl'd, portending woe:
Now a dim circle round the moon was roll'd,
And now the church-yard elms wav'd to and fro,
While the small death-watch bitter griefs foretold,—
For OWEN's cheek was pale, and OWEN's *heart was cold!*

CANTO II.

EIGHT years past on, and still the stripling grew,
But nothing lovely in his face was seen;
His stature low, his brow of swarthy hue,
And coarse and vulgar was his infant mien;
A more unseemly thing scarce liv'd, I ween;
Yet in his soul the pure affections shone,
Meek charity, with modest pride serene;
While truth and dauntless courage were his own,
Tho', when he wept, his tear would melt a heart of stone.

The village gossips, 'round the blazing hearth,
Would talk in wonder of the *foster-child;*
And one would say he was of lowly birth,
While others thought him born of savage wild;
And so they many a freezing night beguil'd:
Till, falling once from an o'erhanging tree,
Amidst the torrent strong, he fearless smil'd!
And then the wrinkled hags with devilish glee,
Swore "the undaunted boy *some witch's brat* must be!"

And oft, upon the brow of mountain-steep,
As slow the landscape faded from his view,
With devious steps he wander'd far, to weep,
(While all around the sultry vapours flew),
Heedless of with'ring bolt, or drizzly dew:
And as the giant shadows vanquish'd day,
Veiling the woodland dell in dusky hue,
By the small tinkling sheep-bell would he stray,
And, like to elfin ghost, bemoan the hours away:

And often, on the mossy bank, alone,
Strange figures would he draw, and features vile;
And, building a rude seat of rugged stone,
Would sit whole hours, and ponder all the while;
Or, talking to himself, would nod and smile;
And sometimes by the starry light he'd go
Where the dank yew o'erhangs the church-yard stile,
And there, with hemlock, nightshade, misletoe,
Weaving a poison'd wreath, would chaunt a strain of woe.

No wealth had he, no garland of renown;
Slow pass'd the minutes through the livelong day,
Till from the upland mead, or thistled down,
He watch'd the sun's last lustre fade away:
And if perchance his little heart was gay,
It beat to hear some merry minstrel's note,
Or goat-herd caroling his roundelay
On craggy cliffs, while from the linnet's throat
Full many a winding trill on airy wings did float:

And when the wint'ry moon, with crystal eye,
Above the promontory bleak 'gan sail,
Shrouding her modest brow in amber sky,
While shrill the night-breeze whistled o'er the vale,
Oft would he tell some melancholy tale
To the deep lucid stream that wander'd slow,
Listless and weary, indolent and pale,
His bosom swelling high with bitter woe,
Which none but luckless wight with tender heart can know.

And oft to others' plaints would he give heed :—
For all that griev'd, his bosom learn'd to sigh :
He could not see the fleecy victim bleed,
Nor snare the free-born tenant of the sky,
Nor lesser wight be teazed when he stood by ;
For brute oppression rouz'd his little rage ;
In combat fierce the younker to defy
He would, with breathless ire, his limbs engage,
While neither threats nor pain his anger could assuage.

With ebon locks unkempt, and mean attire,
A mountain weather-beaten wight was he :—
And passing meek ; save when resentful ire
Bade from his glance the living lightning flee,
To think that Vice should Virtue's master be ;
For, tho' no classic knowledge grac'd his mind
From legends old, or feats of chivalry,
Still 'round his heart the wond'rous instinct twin'd
Which throbb'd in every vein—the love of human kind.

One night, the murky eve of Christmas-day,
When mystic-fraught the wint'ry tempest blows,
Dim shadows hover'd in the blunted ray,
While red the moon o'er SNOWDEN's summit rose:
And soon fierce hurricanes the Heav'ns unclose;
Howling, the wild blast danc'd upon the wave;
And now a blazing fire the mountain shows;
The troubled streams like blood their margent lave;
And rays of livid light gleam o'er old OWEN's grave.

The foster-mother rose in dread dismay,
And to the wayward stripling's chamber went;
And now the paly stream of tardy day
Stole down the hill, with frozen dew besprent,
Silv'ring with light the little tenement:
The swarthy boy upon his pallet rude
Slept sweet and soundly, dreaming of content;
While eager-ey'd the foster-mother stood,
Like a fell bird of prey watching a victim brood:

For idle tales had now been widely spread,—
That potent *witchcraft* had possest the child;
That mystic spells, from pois'nous herbage shed,
The urchin's wand'ring senses had beguil'd,
Filling his brain with incantations wild:
And some did swear that, by a fiend possest,
Like a vile *killcrop**, breathing airs defil'd,
The corn would mildew, by his fingers prest,
And new-born babes expire, meeting his glance unblest.

Near where the black-thorn mark'd the barren hill,
Dotting with frequent tufts its rugged side,
In a clay hut, a wither'd imp of ill
Her art accurst for many a year had plied:
Bearded she was, and swart, and haggard-eyed;
And on her back a lump deforming grew;
A huge dried snake about her waist was tied,
And hideous forms upon the floor she drew
With hemlock's poison'd juice mingled with midnight dew:

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* A witch's changeling.

The wings of bats, the hides of toads, were seen
Clothing the walls of her infernal cell;
And spiders grim, hiding their webs between,
Watch'd the foul HAG weaving her potent spell,
Low-muttering like a sullen fiend of hell:
A murderer's scull, fall'n from a gibbet high,
And fill'd with water from a stagnant well,
Oft to her skinny lips she would apply,
With many a bitter curse and many a labour'd sigh:

Close at her feet a brindled mastiff lay,
Watching her busy toil with bloodshot eyes;
And now he howl'd, as if with dire dismay,
Shaking the hovel with his fearful cries;
And now, with hide erect, he couching lies:
A rav'ning kite, which on the lattice stood,
With side-glance keen the wither'd sorc'ress spies,
His talons streaming with the wild kid's blood,
Which down the thorny steep roll'd in a crimson flood.

Thither in haste the foster-mother flew,
To traffic with the wicked imp of hell:
For ev'ry starry path the sorc'ress knew;
Could mark how high the stormy flood would swell;
Of comets prattle, and eclipse foretel;
Draw from their mould'ring shrouds the guilty dead;
Ride on the whirlwind over hill and dell;
Dance on the murderer's grave, and fearless tread
O'er the wide yawning wave of Ocean's foamy bed.

And now the foster-mother told her tale
(The sorc'ress list'ning with malignant smile),
How the lorn boy would wander, sad and pale;
Or pluck the yew-tree from the church-yard stile;
Or bind his brows with weeds and herbage vile:
How he would sing his wild song to the blast,
And so night's melancholy noon beguile;
Or, when the death-knell o'er the meadow pass'd,
Sigh thro' the dreary hour, and wish it were his last.

And now again the witch, with ghastly grin,
Turn'd to her rushy bed, and shriek'd with joy:
For, there full many a wither'd branch was seen,
And many a herb infectious, to destroy,
Gather'd at dawn-light by the foster-boy;
For, oftimes he the spiteful HAG would taunt,
And, scatt'ring poisons, her lone hours annoy;
Or, shrieking like a ghost, her threshold haunt,
Till morn above the steep its gaudy beams would flaunt:

And now across her path the straw he threw,
Or scratch'd her shrivel'd arm with crooked pin;
Now up the moon-light lane her feet pursue,
And shout behind her with insulting din:——
To mock the old and feeble were a sin:
But that the subtle HAG, with menac'd rage,
Would urge the daily warfare to begin;
And oft with stick and stone in fight engage,
Mingling with potent wrath the peevish bent of age.

The tale being told, the little wretch forlorn
Was sentenc'd to endure each wounding wrong;
Assail'd by all the shafts of ribald scorn,
And mark'd the make-game of a senseless throng;—
For, Persecution is a giant strong.
And now his food was frequently denied;
His sport was seldom, and his labor long;
His hunger, herbs medicinal supplied,
With ears of mildew'd corn, steep'd in the sandy tide.

One morn the foster-mother early rose;
'Twas the blythe morn of love-inspiring May:
But fearful dreams had haunted her repose,
Dark'ning the splendour of the rising day:
She sought the boy,—but he was far away!
For sharp unkindness did his peace annoy,
And little could he brook the rigid sway!
Which tyrant natures, tyrant souls, enjoy;
Their cruel sport to wound—their triumph to destroy!

Yet whither could the little wand'rer go?
A stranger to the world's wide mazes he;
Despair his guide, his sole companion Woe—
A solitary exile doom'd to be:
He gaz'd aghast; no friend his eyes could see;
And yet in fancy he beheld the day
When, smiling, on his foster-mother's knee,
He oftentimes has heard her sighing say,
How to her cot he came bedight in rich array.

Perchance, he thought, some lord his sire might live;
Some lady sweet his bashful mother prove,
While shame might bid her to a stranger give
The holy treasure of a parent's love.
O barbarous *Pride!* which NATURE cannot move;
Shall her poor offspring ever plead in vain?
Shall they, unown'd by guilty greatness, rove;
Or, lost in ignorance, unblest remain,
Like a wild with'ring tree plac'd on a desert plain?

And now his fev'rish brain began to burn,
While Mem'ry conjur'd up each hour to view
Which, erst so tranquil, never could return—
Ah, MEMORY! *sad thy visions are, and true!*—
When dark Despair a gloomy picture drew;
While Fancy madden'd on the varied scene:
And now the clouds resum'd a cheerful hue;
Yet, while he watch'd the rays of light between,
On all the earth there breath'd no wretch so lorn,
I ween.

O'er hill and dale the friendless foster-child,
With weary footsteps, bent his lonely way:
And now he hasten'd o'er the thorny wild;
Now by the rippling brook would musing stay;
Or dream, on flow'ry banks, of visions gay:
Then, starting wild, his pilgrimage pursue,
Not knowing whither he was doom'd to stray,
While his wan cheek was sprent with chilling dew,
Or fierce the angry storm athwart his bosom flew.

At length gaunt Poverty, of sallow hue,
And cold Neglect, with all their rueful train,
About his heart their with'ring mischiefs threw;
And sorely was he pinch'd with bitter pain:
Yet proud was he, and fraught with high disdain,
Tho' many a day he fasted sad and lone;
And all night long across the dismal plain
He pour'd, amid the blast, his rending groan,
While the faint glimm'ring stars in chilling lustre shone:

And many a burning day, and freezing night,
The little trav'ller on his journey bent;
And often, by the moon-beam's quiv'ring light,
He watch'd his shadow length'ning as he went,
And, so companion'd, seem'd awhile content:
Yet when, perchance, he met a lady gay,
With sudden pangs his little heart was rent;
For then remembrance shew'd the rich array
Which (so the tale was told) bedeck'd his natal day.

It so befel that, on a summer's eve,
A stately mansion met his tearful eyes:
And suddenly his soul forgot to grieve;
And straight a beauteous lady he espies:
With unknown hopes his heavy heart did rise,
For on her cheek a gentle smile was seen;
And now she mark'd his form with fond surprise!
For, by his father's smile, his father's mien,
Her own wrong'd baby-boy she knew full well, I ween.

'Twas INSTINCT rushing thro' her beating breast!
Instinct, the lamp divine that lights the soul;
For many a night, depriv'd of balmy rest,
Her fev'rish eye-balls had been taught to roll:
Oh! what can conscious agony control?
And, when she ponder'd on the foaming tide,
From her shrunk heart Hope's soothing visions stole;
And sick'ning was the luxury of Pride,
While all the mother's fears beat high against her side.

Now the wide country 'round with revels rung:
" *The Stranger Boy*" was sov'reign of the scene;
And there the minstrel play'd, the peasant sung,
And dancing circles dotted o'er the green;
Such rural merriment had ne'er been seen:
The soft harp echo'd down the woody dell;
And sporting gay the sombre shades between,
The wild goat wanton'd; while afar the swell
On the light breeze was borne, of many a distant bell.

But who can paint the mother's silent joy?
Who measure the full transport of her soul?
While on the smiling cheek of her lost boy
Her tears repentant swiftly now 'gan roll:
And woe to him who would their course control!
For 'twas the extract of the wounded heart,
Wafted to Heaven by sighs that NATURE stole—
Sighs which more sacred rapture can impart
Than all the pomp of wealth, and all the smiles of art!

THE LADY OF THE BLACK TOWER.

"WATCH no more the twinkling stars;
Watch no more the chalky bourne;
Lady! from the Holy wars
Never will thy Love return!
Cease to watch, and cease to mourn,
Thy Lover never will return!

"Watch no more the yellow moon,
Peering o'er the mountain's head;
Rosy day, returning soon,
Will see thy Lover, pale and dead!
Cease to weep, and cease to mourn,
Thy Lover will no more return!

"Lady, in the Holy wars,
Fighting for the Cross, he died;
Low he lies, and many scars
Mark his cold and mangled side;
In his winding-sheet he lies,
Lady! check those rending sighs.

"Hark! the hollow sounding gale
Seems to sweep in murmurs by,
Sinking slowly down the vale;
Wherefore, gentle Lady, sigh?
Wherefore moan, and wherefore sigh?
Lady! all that live must die.

"Now the stars are fading fast:
Swift their brilliant course are run;
Soon shall dreary night be past:
Soon shall rise the cheering sun!
The sun will rise to gladden thee:
Lady, Lady, cheerful be."

So spake a voice! While sad and lone,
Upon a lofty tower, reclin'd,
A Lady sat: the pale moon shone,
And sweetly blew the summer wind;
Yet still, disconsolate in mind,
The lovely Lady sat reclin'd.

The lofty tow'r was ivy clad;
And round a dreary forest rose;
The midnight bell was tolling sad—
'Twas tolling for a soul's repose!
The Lady heard the gates unclose,
And from her seat in terror rose.

The summer moon shone bright and clear;
She saw the castle gates unclose;
And now she saw four monks appear,
Loud chanting for a soul's repose.
Forbear, oh, Lady! look no more—
They pass'd—a livid corpse they bore.

They pass'd, and all was silent now;
The breeze upon the forest slept;
The moon stole o'er the mountain's brow;
Again the Lady sigh'd, and wept:
She watch'd the holy fathers go
Along the forest path below.

And now the dawn was bright, the dew
Upon the yellow heath was seen;
The clouds were of a rosy hue,
The sunny lustre shone between:
The Lady to the chapel ran,
While the slow matin prayer began.

And then, once more, the fathers grey
She mark'd, employ'd in holy prayer:
Her heart was full, she cou'd not pray,
For love and fear were masters there.
Ah, Lady! thou wilt pray ere long
To sleep those lonely aisles among!

And now the matin prayers were o'er;
The barefoot monks, of order grey,
Where thronging to the chapel door,
When there the Lady stopp'd the way:
"Tell me," she cried, "whose corpse so pale,
Last night ye bore along the vale?"

"Oh, Lady! question us no more:
No corpse did we bear down the dale!"
The Lady sunk upon the floor,
Her quivering lip was deathly pale.
The barefoot monks now whisper'd, sad,
"God grant our Lady be not mad."

The monks departing, one by one,
The chapel gates in silence close;
When from the altar steps, of stone,
The trembling Lady feebly goes:
While the morning sheds a ruby light,
The painted windows glowing bright.

And now she heard a hollow sound;
It seem'd to come from graves below;
And now again she look'd around,
A voice came murm'ring sad and slow;
And now she heard it feebly cry,
"Lady! all that live must die!"

"Watch no more from yonder tow'r,
Watch no more the star of day!
Watch no more the dawning hour,
That chases sullen night away!
Cease to watch, and cease to mourn,
Thy Lover will no more return!"

She look'd around, and now she view'd,
Clad in a doublet gold and green,
A youthful knight: he frowning stood
And noble was his mournful mien;
And now he said, with heaving sigh,
"Lady, all that live must die!"

She rose to quit the altar's stone,
She cast a look to heaven and sigh'd,
When lo! the youthful knight was gone;
And, scowling by the Lady's side,
With sightless skull and bony hand,
She saw a giant spectre stand!

His flowing robe was long and clear,
His ribs were white as drifted snow:
The Lady's heart was chill'd with fear;
She rose, but scarce had power to go:
The spectre grinn'd a dreadful smile,
And walk'd beside her down the aisle.

And now he wav'd his rattling hand;
And now they reach'd the chapel door,
And there the spectre took his stand;
While, rising from the marble floor,
A hollow voice was heard to cry,
"Lady, all that live must die!

"Watch no more the evening star!
Watch no more the glimpse of morn!
Never from the Holy War,
Lady, will thy Love return!
See this bloody cross; and see
His bloody scarf he sends to thee!"

And now again the youthful knight
Stood smiling by the Lady's side;
His helmet shone with crimson light,
His sword with drops of blood was dy'd:
And now a soft and mournful song
Stole the chapel aisles among.

Now from the spectre's paley cheek
The flesh began to waste away;
The vaulted doors were heard to creek,
And dark became the Summer day!
The spectre's eyes were sunk, but he
Seem'd with their sockets still to see!

The second bell is heard to ring:
Four barefoot monks, of orders grey,
Again their holy service sing;
And round the chapel altar pray:
The Lady counted o'er and o'er,
And shudder'd while she counted—*four!*

"Oh! Fathers, who was he, so gay,
That stood beside the chapel door?
Oh! tell me fathers, tell me pray."
The monks replied, "We fathers four,
Lady *no other* have we seen,
Since in this holy place we've been!"

PART SECOND.

Now the merry bugle horn
Thro' the forest sounded far;
When on the lofty tow'r, forlorn,
The Lady watch'd the evening star;
The evening star that seem'd to be
Rising from the dark'ned sea!

The Summer sea was dark and still,
The sky was streak'd with lines of gold,
The mist rose grey above the hill,
And low the clouds of amber roll'd:
The Lady on the lofty tow'r
Watch'd the calm and silent hour.

And, while she watch'd, she saw advance
A ship, with painted streamers gay:
he saw it on the green wave dance,
And plunge amid the silver spray;
While from the forest's haunts, forlorn,
Again she heard the bugle horn.

The sails were full; the breezes rose;
The billows curl'd along the shore;
And now the day began to close;—
The bugle horn was heard no more,
But, rising from the wat'ry way,
An airy voice was heard to say:

"Watch no more the evening star;
Watch no more the billowy sea;
Lady, from the Holy War
Thy lover hastes to comfort thee:
Lady, Lady, cease to mourn;
Soon thy lover will return."

Now she hastens to the bay;
Now the rising storm she hears;
Now the sailors smiling say,
"Lady, Lady, check your fears:
Trust us, Lady; we will be
Your pilots o'er the stormy sea."

Now the little bark she view'd,
Moor'd beside the flinty steep;
And now, upon the foamy flood,
The tranquil breezes seem'd to sleep.
The moon arose; her silver ray
Seem'd on the silent deep to play.

Now music stole across the main:
It was a sweet but mournful tone;
It came a slow and dulcet strain;
It came from where the pale moon shone:
And, while it pass'd across the sea,
More soft, and soft, it seem'd to be.

Now on the deck the Lady stands;
The vessel steers across the main;
It steers towards the Holy Land,
Never to return again:
Still the sailors cry, "We'll be
Your pilots o'er the stormy sea."

Now she hears a low voice say,
"Deeper, deeper, deeper still;
Hark! the black'ning billows play;
Hark! the waves the vessel fill:
Lower, lower, down we go;
All is dark and still below.

Now a flash of vivid light
On the rolling deep was seen!
And now the Lady saw the Knight,
With doublet rich of gold and green:
From the sockets of his eyes,
A pale and streaming light she spies!

And now his form transparent stood,
Smiling with a ghastly mien;—
And now the calm and boundless flood
Was, like the emerald, bright and green;
And now 'twas of a troubled hue,
While, "Deeper, deeper," sang the crew.

Slow advanced the morning-light,
Slow they plough'd the wavy tide;
When, on a cliff of dreadful height,
A castle's lofty tow'rs they spied:
The Lady heard the sailor-band
Cry, "Lady, this is Holy Land.

"Watch no more the glitt'ring spray;
Watch no more the weedy sand;
Watch no more the star of day;
Lady, this is Holy Land:
This castle's lord shall welcome thee;
Then Lady, Lady, cheerful be!"

Now the castle-gates they pass;
Now across the spacious square,
Cover'd high with dewy grass,
Trembling steals the Lady fair:
And now *the castle's lord* was seen,
Clad in a doublet gold and green.

He led her thro' the gothic hall,
With bones and skulls encircled round;
" Oh, let not this thy soul appal!"
He cried, " for this is Holy Ground."
He led her thro' the chambers lone,
'Mid many a shriek and many a groan.

Now to the banquet-room they came:
Around a table of black stone
She mark'd a faint and vapoury flame;
Upon the horrid feast it shone—
And there, to close the madd'ning sight,
Unnumber'd spectres met the light.

Their teeth were like the brilliant, bright;
Their eyes were blue as sapphire clear;
Their bones were of a polish'd white;
Gigantic did their ribs appear!—
And now the Knight the Lady led,
And plac'd her at the table's head!—

Just now the Lady WOKE:—for she
Had slept upon the lofty tow'r,
And dreams of dreadful phantasie
Had fill'd the lonely moon-light hour:
Her pillow was the turret-stone,
And on her breast the pale moon shone.

But now a *real* voice she hears:
It was her lover's voice;—for he,
To calm her bosom's rending fears,
That night had cross'd the stormy sea:
"I come," said he, "from Palestine,
To prove myself, *sweet Lady*, THINE."

ALL ALONE.

Ah! wherefore by the Church-yard side,
Poor little LORN ONE, dost thou stray?
Thy wavy locks but thinly hide
The tears that dim thy blue-eye's ray;
And wherefore dost thou sigh, and moan,
And weep, that thou art left alone?

Thou art not left alone, poor boy,
The Trav'ller stops to hear thy tale;
No heart, so hard, would thee annoy!
For tho' thy mother's cheek is pale,
And withers under yon grave stone,
Thou art not, Urchin, left alone.

I know thee well! thy yellow hair
In silky waves I oft have seen;
Thy dimpled face, so fresh and fair,
Thy roguish smile, thy playful mien,
Were all to me, poor Orphan, known,
Ere Fate had left thee—all alone!

Thy russet coat is scant, and torn,
  Thy cheek is now grown deathly pale!
Thy eyes are dim, thy looks forlorn,
  And bare thy bosom meets the gale;
And oft I hear thee deeply groan,
That thou, poor boy, art left alone.

Thy naked feet are wounded sore
  With thorns, that cross thy daily road;
The winter winds around thee roar,
  The church-yard is thy bleak abode;
Thy pillow now a cold grave stone—
And there thou lov'st to grieve—alone!

The rain has drench'd thee, all night long;
  The nipping frost thy bosom froze;
And still, the yew-tree shades among,
  I heard thee sigh thy artless woes;
I heard thee, till the day-star shone
In darkness weep—and weep alone!

Oft have I seen thee, little boy,
  Upon thy lovely mother's knee;
For when she liv'd, thou wert her joy,
  Though now a mourner thou must be!
For she lies low, where yon grave-stone
Proclaims that thou art left alone.

Weep, weep no more; on yonder hill
The village bells are ringing, gay;
The merry reed, and brawling rill
Call thee to rustic sports away.
Then wherefore weep, and sigh, and moan,
A truant from the throng—alone?

"I cannot the green hill ascend,
I cannot pace the upland mead;
I cannot in the vale attend
To hear the merry-sounding reed:
For all is still beneath yon stone,
Where my poor mother's left alone!

"I cannot gather gaudy flowers
To dress the scene of revels loud—
I cannot pass the ev'ning hours
Among the noisy village croud;
For all in darkness, and alone
My mother sleeps, beneath yon stone.

"See how the stars begin to gleam,
The sheep-dog barks—'tis time to go;
The night-fly hums; the moonlight beam
Peeps through the yew-trees' shadowy row:
It falls upon the white grave-stone,
Where my dear mother sleeps alone.

" O stay me not, for I must go,
The upland path in haste to tread;
For there the pale primroses grow,
They grow to dress my mother's bed.
They must, ere peep of day, be strown,
Where she lies mould'ring all alone.

" My father o'er the stormy sea
To distant lands was borne away,
And still my mother stay'd with me,
And wept by night and toil'd by day.
And shall I ever quit the stone
Where she is left to sleep alone.

" My father, died and still I found
My mother fond and kind to me;
I felt her breast with rapture bound
When first I prattled on her knee—
And then she blest my infant tone,
And little thought of yon grave-stone.

" No more her gentle voice I hear,
No more her smile of fondness see;
Then wonder not I shed the tear,
She would have DIED to follow me!
And yet she sleeps beneath yon stone,
And I STILL LIVE—to weep alone.

" The playful kid, she lov'd so well,
From yon high clift was seen to fall;
I heard afar his tink'ling bell,
Which seem'd in vain for aid to call—
I heard the harmless suff'rer moan,
And griev'd that he was left alone.

" Our faithful dog grew mad, and died,
The lightning smote our cottage low—
We had no resting-place beside,
And knew not whither we should go:
For we were poor—and hearts of stone
Will never throb at mis'ry's groan.

" My mother still surviv'd for me,
She led me to the mountain's brow,
She watch'd me, while at yonder tree
I sat, and wove the ozier bough;
And oft she cried, " fear not, MINE OWN!
Thou shalt not, BOY, be left ALONE."

" The blast blew strong, the torrent rose
And bore our shatter'd cot away;
And where the clear brook swiftly flows,
Upon the turf, at dawn of day,
When bright the sun's full lustre shone,
I wander'd, FRIENDLESS—and ALONE!"

Thou art not, boy, for I have seen
  Thy tiny footsteps print the dew,
And while the morning sky serene
  Spread o'er the hill a yellow hue,
I heard thy sad and plaintive moan,
Beside the cold sepulchral stone.

And when the summer noontide hours
  With scorching rays the landscape spread,
I mark'd thee, weaving fragrant flow'rs
  To deck thy mother's silent bed!
Nor at the church-yard's simple stone
Wert thou, poor Urchin, left alone.

I follow'd thee along the dale,
  And up the woodland's shad'wy way:
I heard thee tell thy mournful tale
  As slowly sunk the star of day:
Nor when its twinkling light had flown
Wert thou a wand'rer all alone.

"O! yes, I was! and still shall be
  A wand'rer, mourning and forlorn;
For what is all the world to me—
  What are the dews and buds of morn?
Since she who left me sad, alone
In darkness sleeps, beneath yon stone!

" No brother's tear shall fall for me,
For I no brother ever knew;
No friend shall weep my destiny,
For *friends* are scarce, and *tears* are few;
None do *I* see, save on this stone,
Where I will stay and weep alone.

" My Father never will return,
He rests beneath the sea-green wave;
I have no kindred left to mourn
When I am hid in yonder grave:
Not one to dress with flow'rs the stone!
Then—surely, I AM LEFT ALONE!"

OLD BARNARD.

A MONKISH TALE.

OLD BARNARD was still a lusty hind,
Though his age was full fourscore;
And he us'd to go
Thro' hail and snow,
To a neighb'ring town,
With his old coat brown,
To beg at his Grandson's door!

OLD BARNARD briskly jogg'd along,
When the hail and the snow did fall;
And whatever the day,
He was always gay,
Did the broad Sun glow,
Or the keen wind blow,
While he begg'd in his Grandson's Hall.

His Grandson was a Squire, and he
Had houses, and lands, and gold;
And a coach beside,
And horses to ride,
And a downy bed
To repose his head,
And he felt not the winter's cold.

Old BARNARD had neither house nor lands,
Nor gold to buy warm array;
Nor a coach to carry
His old bones weary,
Nor beds of feather,
In freezing weather
To sleep the long nights away.

But BARNARD a quiet conscience had,
No guile did his bosom know;
And when Ev'ning clos'd
His old bones repos'd,
Tho' the wint'ry blast
O'er his hovel past,
And he slept while the winds did blow.

But his Grandson he could never sleep
'Till the Sun began to rise;
For a fev'rish pain
Oppress'd his brain,
And he fear'd some evil,
And dream'd of the Devil
Whenever he clos'd his eyes!

And whenever he feasted the rich and gay,
The Devil still had his joke;
For however rare
The sumptuous fare,
When the sparkling glass
Was seen to pass—
He was fearful the draught would choke!

And whenever, in fine and costly geer,
The Squire went forth to ride
The owl would cry,
And the raven fly
Across his road,
While the sluggish toad
Would crawl by his Palfry's side

And he could not command the sunny day,
For the rain would wet him through;
And the wind would blow
Where his nag did go,
And the thunder roar,
And the torrents pour,
And he felt the chill Evening dew.

And the cramp would ring his youthful bones,
And would make him groan aloud;
And the doctor's art
Could not cure the heart,
While the conscience still
Was o'ercharg'd with ill;
And he dream'd of the pick-axe and shroud.

And why could Old BARNARD sweetly sleep,
Since so poor, and so old was he?
Because he could say
At the close of day,
"I have done no wrong
To the weak or strong,
And so Heaven look kind on me!"

One night the Grandson hied him forth
To a Monk that liv'd hard by;
"O! Father!" said he,
"I am come to thee,
For I'm sick of sin,
And would fain begin
To repent me before I die!"

"I must pray for your Soul;" the Monk replied,
"But will see you to-morrow, ere noon:
Then the Monk flew straight
To Old BARNARD's gate,
And he bade him haste
O'er the dewy waste,
By the light of the waning Moon.

In the Monkish cell did old BARNARD wait,
And his Grandson went thither soon;
In a habit of grey,
Ere the dawn of day,
With a cowl and cross,
On the sill of moss,
He knelt by the light of the Moon.

"O! shrive me, Father!" the Grandson cried,
"For the Devil is waiting for me!
I have robb'd the poor,
I have shut my door,
And kept out the good
When they wanted food,
And I come for my pardon to thee."

"Get home, young Sinner," Old BARNARD said,
"And your Grandsire quickly see;
Give him half your store,
For he's old and poor,
And avert each evil,
And cheat the Devil,
By making him *rich as thee.*"

The Squire obey'd; and Old BARNARD now
Is rescued from every evil:
For he fears no wrong
From the weak or strong,
And the Squire can snore
When the loud winds roar,
For he dreams no more of THE DEVIL.

THE HAUNTED BEACH.

UPON a lonely desart Beach,
Where the white foam was scatter'd,
A little shed uprear'd its head,
Though lofty barks were shatter'd.
The sea-weeds gath'ring near the door,
A sombre path display'd;
And, all around, the deaf'ning roar
Re-echo'd on the chalky shore,
By the green billows made.

Above a jutting cliff was seen
Where Sea Birds hover'd, craving;
And all around the craggs were bound
With weeds—for ever waving.
And here and there, a cavern wide
Its shad'wy jaws display'd;
And near the sands, at ebb of tide,
A shiver'd mast was seen to ride
Where the green billows stray'd.

And often, while the moaning wind
Stole o'er the Summer Ocean,
The moonlight scene was all serene,
The waters scarce in motion;
Then, while the smoothly slanting sand
The tall cliff wrapp'd in shade,
The Fisherman beheld a band
Of Spectres gliding hand in hand—
Where the green billows play'd.

And pale their faces were as snow,
And sullenly they wander'd;
And to the skies with hollow eyes
They look'd as though they ponder'd.
And sometimes, from their hammock shroud,
They dismal howlings made,
And while the blast blew strong and loud
The clear moon mark'd the ghastly croud,
Where the green billows play'd!

And then above the haunted hut
The Curlews screaming hover'd;
And the low door, with furious roar,
The frothy breakers cover'd.
For in the Fisherman's lone shed
A MURDER'D MAN was laid,
With ten wide gashes in his head,
And deep was made his sandy bed
Where the green billows play'd.

A shipwreck'd Mariner was he,
Doom'd from his home to sever
Who swore to be thro' wind and sea
Firm and undaunted ever!
And when the wave resistless roll'd,
About his arm he made
A packet rich of Spanish gold,
And, like a British sailor bold,
Plung'd where the billows play'd!

The Spectre band, his messmates brave,
Sunk in the yawning ocean,
While to the mast he lash'd him fast,
And brav'd the storm's commotion.
The winter moon upon the sand
A silv'ry carpet made,
And mark'd the Sailor reach the land,
And mark'd his murd'rer wash his hand
Where the green billows play'd.

And since that hour the Fisherman
Has toil'd and toil'd in vain;
For all the night the moony light
Gleams on the specter'd main!
And when the skies are veil'd in gloom,
The Murd'rer's liquid way
Bounds o'er the deeply yawning tomb,
And flashing fires the sands illume,
Where the green billows play!

Full thirty years his task has been,
Day after day more weary;
For Heav'n design'd his guilty mind
Should dwell on prospects dreary.
Bound by a strong and mystic chain,
He has not pow'r to stray;
But destin'd mis'ry to sustain,
He wastes, in Solitude and Pain,
A loathsome life away.

THE TRUMPETER.

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

It was in the days of a gay British King
(In the old fashion'd custom of merry-making)
The Palace of Woodstock with revels did ring,
While they sang and carous'd—one and all:
For the monarch a plentiful treasury had,
And his courtiers were pleas'd, and no visage was sad,
And the knavish and foolish with drinking were mad,
While they sat in the banquetting hall.

Some talk'd of their valour, and some of their race,
And vaunted, till vaunting was black in the face;
Some bragg'd for a title, and some for a place,
And, like braggarts, they bragg'd one and all!
Some spoke of their scars in the holy crusade,
Some boasted the banner of fame they display'd,
And some sang their loves in the soft serenade
As they sat in the banquetting hall.

And here sat a baron, and there sat a knight,
And here stood a page in his habit all bright,
And here a young soldier in armour bedight
With a friar carous'd, one and all.
Some play'd on the dulcimer, some on the lute,
And some, who had nothing to talk of, were mute,
Till the morning, awakened, put on her grey suit—
And the lark hover'd over the hall.

It was in a vast gothic hall that they sate,
And the tables were cover'd with rich gilded plate,
And the King and his minions were toping in state,
Till their noddles turn'd round, one and all—
And the sun through the tall painted windows 'gan peep,
And the vassals were sleeping, or longing to sleep,
Though the courtiers, still waking, their revels did keep,
While the minstrels play'd sweet, in the hall.

And, now in their cups, the bold topers began
To call for more wine, from the cellar yeoman,
And, while each one replenish'd his goblet or can,
The monarch thus spake to them all:
"It is fit that the nobles do just what they please,
That the great live in idleness, riot, and ease,
And that those should be favor'd, who mark my decrees,
And should feast in the banquetting hall.

"It is fit," said the monarch, "that riches should claim
A passport to freedom, to honor, and fame,—
That the poor should be humble, obedient, and tame,
And, in silence, submit—one and all.
That the wise and the holy should toil for the great,
That the vassals should tend at the tables of state,
That the pilgrim should—pray for our souls at the gate
While we feast in our banquetting hall.

" That the low-lineag'd Carles should be scantily
fed—
That their drink should be small, and still smaller
their bread;
That their wives and their daughters to ruin be
led,
And submit to our will, one and all!
It is fit, that whoever I choose to defend—
Shall be courted, and feasted, and lov'd as a
friend,
While before them the good and enlighten'd shall
bend
While they sit in the banquetting hall."

Now the topers grew bold, and each talk'd of his
right,
One would fain be a baron, another a knight;
And another (because at the tournament fight
He had vanquished his foes, one and all)
Demanded a track of rich lands, and rich fare,
And of stout serving vassals a plentiful share;
With a lasting exemption from penance and pray'r,
And a throne in the banquetting hall.

But one, who had neither been valiant nor wise,
With a tone of importance, thus vauntingly cries,
" My leige he knows how a good subject to prize—
And I therefore demand—before all—
I this castle possess: and the right to maintain
Five hundred stout bowmen to follow my train,
And as many strong vassals to guard my domain
As the lord of the banquetting hall!

" I have fought with all nations, and bled in the field,
See my lance is unshiver'd, though batter'd my shield,
I have combatted legions, yet never would yield,
And the enemy fled—one and all!
I have rescued a thousand fair donnas, in Spain,
I have left in gay France every bosom in pain,
I have conquer'd the Russian, the Prussian, the Dane,
And will reign in the banquetting hall!"

The monarch now rose, with majestical look,
And his sword from the scabbard of jewels he took,
And the castle with laughter and ribaldry shook,
While the braggart accosted thus he:
"I will give thee a place that will suit thy demand,
What to thee is more fitting than vassals or land—
I will give thee,—what justice and valour command,
For a TRUMPETER bold—thou shalt be!"

Now the revellers rose, and began to complain—
While they menac'd with gestures, and frown'd with disdain,
And declar'd, that the nobles were fitter to reign
Than a prince so unruly as he.
But the monarch cried, sternly, they taunted him so,
"From this moment the counsel of fools I forego—
And on wisdom and virtue will honors bestow
For such, only, are welcome to me!"

So saying, he quitted the banquetting hall,
And leaving his courtiers and flatterers all—
Straightway for his confessor loudly 'gan call
"O! Father! now listen!" said he:
"I have feasted the fool, I have pamper'd the knave,
I have scoff'd at the wise, and neglected the brave—
And here, holy man, absolution I crave—
For a penitent now I will be."

From that moment the monarch grew sober and good,
(And nestled with birds of a different brood,)
For he found that the pathway which wisdom pursu'd
Was pleasant, safe, quiet, and even!
That by temperance, virtue, and liberal deeds,
By nursing the flowrets, and crushing the weeds,
The loftiest traveller always succeeds—
For his journey will lead him to Heav'n.

THE POOR SINGING DAME.

BENEATH an old wall, that went round an old
castle,
For many a year, with brown ivy o'erspread;
A neat little hovel, its lowly roof raising,
Defied the wild winds that howl'd over its
shed:
The turrets, that frown'd on the poor simple dwel-
ling,
Were rock'd to and fro, when the tempest would
roar,
And the river, that down the rich valley was swel-
ling,
Flow'd swiftly beside the green step of its door.

The summer sun gilded the rushy roof slanting,
The bright dews bespangled its ivy-bound hedge,
And above, on the ramparts, the sweet birds were chanting,
And wild buds thick dappled the clear river's edge.
When the castle's rich chambers were haunted and dreary,
The poor little hovel was still and secure;
And no robber e'er enter'd, nor goblin nor fairy,
For the splendors of pride had no charms to allure.

The Lord of the castle, a proud surly ruler,
Oft heard the low dwelling with sweet music ring,
For the old Dame that liv'd in the little hut chearly,
Would sit at her wheel, and would merrily sing:
When with revels the castle's great hall was resounding,
The old Dame was sleeping, not dreaming of fear;
And when over the mountains the huntsmen were bounding
She would open her lattice, their clamours to hear.

To the merry-ton'd horn she would dance on the threshold,
And louder, and louder, repeat her old song:
And when winter its mantle of frost was displaying,
She caroll'd, undaunted, the bare woods among:
She would gather dry fern, ever happy and singing,
With her cake of brown bread, and her jug of brown beer,
And would smile when she heard the great castle-bell ringing,
Inviting the proud—to their prodigal cheer.

Thus she liv'd, ever patient and ever contented,
Till Envy the Lord of the castle possess'd,
For he hated that poverty should be so chearful,
While care could the fav'rites of fortune molest;
He sent his bold yeomen with threats to prevent her,
And still would she carol her sweet roundelay;
At last, an old steward relentless he sent her—
Who bore her, all trembling, to prison away!

Three weeks did she languish, then died broken-
hearted,
Poor Dame! how the death-bell did mournfully
sound!
And along the green path six young bachelors bore
her,
And laid her for ever beneath the cold ground!
And the primroses pale 'mid the long grass were
growing,
The bright dews of twilight bespangled her
grave,
And morn heard the breezes of summer soft blowing
To bid the fresh flow'rets in sympathy wave.

The Lord of the castle, from that fatal moment
When poor singing MARY was laid in her grave,
Each night was surrounded by screech-owls appal-
ling,
Which o'er the black turrets their pinions would
wave!
On the ramparts that frown'd on the river, swift
flowing,
They hover'd, still hooting a terrible song,
When his windows would rattle, the winter blast
blowing,
They would shriek like a ghost, the dark alleys
among!

Wherever he wander'd they follow'd him crying,
At dawnlight, at eve, still they haunted his way!
When the moon shone across the wide common they hooted,
Nor quitted his path till the blazing of day.
His bones began wasting, his flesh was decaying,
And he hung his proud head, and he perish'd with shame;
And the tomb of rich marble, no soft tear displaying,
O'ershadows the grave of THE POOR SINGING DAME!

THE WIDOW'S HOME.

Close on the margin of a brawling brook
That bathes the low dell's bosom, stands a cot,
O'ershadow'd by broad Alders. At its door
A rude seat, with an ozier canopy,
Invites the weary traveller to rest.
'Tis a poor humble dwelling; yet within
The sweets of joy domestic oft have made
The long hour not unchearly, while the moor
Was covered with deep snow, and the bleak blast
Swept with impetuous wing the mountain's brow!
On ev'ry tree of the near shelt'ring wood
The minstrelsy of Nature, shrill and wild,
Welcomes the stranger guest, and carolling
Love-songs spontaneous, greets him merrily.
The distant hills, empurpled by the dawn
And thinly scatter'd with blue mists that float
On their bleak summits dimly visible,
Skirt the domain luxuriant, while the air

Breathes healthful fragrance. On the cottage roof
The gadding ivy, and the tawny vine
Bind the brown thatch, the shelter'd winter-hut
Of the tame Sparrow, and the Red-breast bold.

There dwells the soldier's widow! young and fair,
Yet not more fair than virtuous. Every day
She wastes the hour-glass, waiting his return,—
And every hour anticipates the day
(Deceiv'd, yet cherish'd, by the flatt'rer Hope)
When she shall meet her hero. On the eve
Of Sabbath rest, she trims her little hut
With blossoms fresh and gaudy, still herself
The queen-flow'r of the garland! The sweet rose
Of wood-wild beauty, blushing thro' her tears.

One little son she has, a lusty boy,
The darling of her guiltless mourning heart,
The only dear and gay associate
Of her lone widowhood. His sun-burnt cheek
Is never blanch'd with fear, though he will climb
The broad oak's branches, and with brawny arm
Sever the limpid wave. In his blue eye
Beams all his mother's gentleness of soul;
While his brave father's warm intrepid heart
Throbs in his infant bosom. 'Tis a wight
Most valorous, yet pliant as the stem

Of the low vale-born lily, when the dew
Presses its perfum'd head. Eight years his voice
Has chear'd the homely hut, for he could lisp
Soft words of filial fondness, ere his feet
Could measure the smooth path-way.
On the hills
He watches the wide waste of wavy green
Tissu'd with orient lustre, till his eyes
Ache with the dazzling splendour, and the main,
Rolling and blazing, seems a second sun!
And, if a distant whitening sail appears,
Skimming the bright horizon, while the mast
Is canopied with clouds of dappled gold,
He homeward hastes rejoicing. An old tree
Is his lone watch-tow'r; 'tis a blasted oak
Which from a vagrant acorn, ages past,
Sprang up, to triumph like a savage bold,
Braving the season's warfare. There he sits
Silent and musing the long evening hour,
'Till the short reign of sunny splendour fades
At the cold touch of twilight. Oft he sings;
Or from his oaten pipe, untiring pours
The tune mellifluous which his father sung,
When he could only listen.
On the sands
That bind the level sea-shore, will he stray,
When morn unlocks the East, and flings afar

The rosy day-beam! There the boy will stop
To gather the dank weeds which ocean leaves
On the bleak strand, while winter o'er the main
Howls its nocturnal clamour. There again
He chaunts his father's ditty. Never more,
Poor mountain minstrel, shall thy bosom throb
To the sweet cadence! never more thy tear
Fall as the dulcet breathings give each word
Expression magical! Thy father, boy,
Sleeps on the bed of death! His tongue is mute,
His fingers have forgot their pliant art,
His oaten pipe will ne'er again be heard
Echoing along the valley! Never more
Will thy fond mother meet the balmy smile
Of peace domestic, or the circling arm
Of valour, temper'd by the milder joys
Of rural merriment. His very name
Is now forgotten! for no trophied tomb
Tells of his bold exploits; such heraldry
Befits not humble worth: For pomp and praise
Wait in the gilded palaces of pride
To dress ambition's slaves. Yet, on his grave,
The unmark'd resting place of valour's sons,
The morning beam shines lust'rous; the meek flow'r
Still drops the twilight tear, and the night breeze
Moans melancholy music!

Then, to ME,
O! dearer far is the poor Soldier's grave,

The Widow's lone and unregarded cot,
The brawling brook, and the wide alder-bough,
The ozier canopy, and plumy choir,
Hymning the morn's return, than the rich dome
Of gilded palaces! and sweeter far—
O! far more graceful! far more exquisite,
The Widow's tear bathing the living rose,
Than the rich ruby, blushing on the breast
Of guilty greatness. Welcome then to me—
The WIDOW'S LOWLY HOME: The Soldier's HEIR;
The proud inheritor of Heav'n's best gifts—
The mind unshackled, and the guiltless soul!

MISTRESS GURTON'S CAT.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

OLD MISTRESS GURTON had a cat,
A tabby, loveliest of the race,
Sleek as a doe, and tame and fat,
With velvet paws and whisker'd face;
The doves of VENUS not so fair,
Nor JUNO's peacock half so grand
As MISTRESS GURTON's Tabby Rose,
The proudest of the purring band:—
So dignified in all her paces,
She seem'd a pupil of THE GRACES!
There never was a finer creature
In all the varying whims of NATURE!

All liked Grimalkin, passing well!
Save MISTRESS GURTON, and, 'tis said,
She oft with furious ire would swell,
When, through neglect or hunger keen,
Puss, with a pilfer'd scrap, was seen
Swearing beneath the pent-house shed:

For, like some fav'rites, she was bent
On all things, yet with none content;
And still, whate'er her place or diet,
She could not pick her bone in quiet.

Sometimes, new milk Grimalkin stole,
And sometimes—over-set the bowl!
For over eagerness will prove
Oft times the bane of what we love;
And sometimes, to her neighbour's home
Grimalkin like a thief would roam,
Teaching poor cats of humbler kind,
For high example sways the mind!
Sometimes she paced the garden wall,
Thick guarded by the shatter'd pane,
And lightly treading with disdain,
Fear'd not ambition's certain fall!
Old china broke, or scratch'd her Dame,
And brought domestic friends to shame!
And many a time this cat was curst,
Of squalling thieving things the worst!
Wish'd dead, and menac'd with a string,
For cats of such scant fame deserv'd to swing!

One day Report, for ever busy,
Resolv'd to make Dame GURTON easy;
A neighbour came, with solemn look,
And thus the dismal tidings broke.

"Know you that poor GRIMALKIN died
Last night, upon the pent-house side?
I heard her for assistance call;
I heard her shrill and dying squall!
I heard her, in reproachful tone,
Pour to the stars her feeble groan!
Alone I heard her piercing cries—
"*With not a friend to close her eyes!*"

"Poor Puss! I vow it grieves me sore
Never to see thy beauties more!
Never again to hear thee purr,
To stroke thy back of zebra fur;
To see thy emral'd eyes, so bright,
Flashing around their lust'rous light
Amid the solemn shades of night!

"Methinks I see her pretty paws—
As gracefully she paced along;
I hear her voice, so shrill, among
The chimney rows! I see her claws,
While like a tyger she pursued
Undauntedly the pilf'ring race;
I see her lovely whisker'd face
When she her nimble prey subdued!
And then how she would frisk and play,
And purr the evening hours away:

Now stretch'd beside the social fire;
Now on the sunny lawn at noon,
Watching the vagrant birds that flew
Across the scene of varied hue,
To peck the fruit. Or when the moon
Stole o'er the hills, in silv'ry suit,
How would she chaunt her lovelorn tale,
Soft as the wild Eolian lyre!
'Till ev'ry brute, on hill, in dale,
Listen'd with wonder mute!"

"O cease!" exclaim'd DAME GURTON straight,
"Has my poor Puss been torn away?
Alas! how cruel is my fate,
How shall I pass the tedious day?
Where can her mourning mistress find
So sweet a cat? so meek, so kind!
So keen a mouser, such a beauty,
So orderly, so fond, so true,
That every gentle task of duty
The dear domestic creature knew!
Hers was the mildest tend'rest heart!
She knew no little *cattish* art;
Not cross, like *fav'rite cats*, was she,
But seem'd the queen of cats to be!
I cannot live—since doom'd, alas! to part
From poor GRIMALKIN kind, the darling of my heart!"

And now DAME GURTON, bath'd in tears,
With a black top-knot vast appears:
Some say that a black gown she wore,
As many oft have done before,
For beings valued less, I ween,
Than this, of tabby cats the fav'rite queen!—
  But, lo! soon after, one fair day,
Puss, who had only been a roving,
  Across the pent-house took her way
To see her dame, so sad, and loving;
Eager to greet the mourning fair,
She enter'd by a window, where
A china bowl of luscious cream
Was quiv'ring in the sunny beam.

  Puss, who was somewhat tired and dry,
And somewhat fond of bev'rage sweet,
Beholding such a tempting treat,
  Resolved its depth to try.
She saw the warm and dazzling ray
Upon the spotless surface play;
She purr'd around its circle wide,
And gaz'd, and long'd, and mew'd, and sigh'd!
But Fate, unfriendly, did that hour controul,
She overset the cream, and smash'd the gilded
    bowl!

As MISTRESS GURTON heard the thief,
She started from her easy chair,
And, quite unmindful of her grief,
Began aloud to swear!
"Curse that voracious beast!" she cried,
"Here, SUSAN, bring a cord—
I'll hang the vicious, ugly creature—
The veriest plague e'er form'd by nature!"
And MISTRESS GURTON kept her word—
And poor GRIMALKIN—DIED!

Thus often we with anguish sore
The *dead* in clam'rous grief deplore;
Who, were they once *alive* again,
Would meet the sting of cold disdain!
For FRIENDS, whom trifling faults can sever,
Are *valued most*—WHEN LOST FOR EVER!

THE LASCAR.

IN TWO PARTS.

"ANOTHER day, Ah! me, a day
Of dreary Sorrow is begun!
And still I loath the temper'd ray,
And still I hate the sickly Sun!
Far from my native Indian shore,
I hear our wretched race deplore;
I mark the smile of taunting Scorn,
And curse the hour when I was born!
I weep, but no one gently tries
To stop my tear, or check my sighs;
For while my heart beats mournfully,
Dear Indian home, I sigh for Thee!

" Since, gaudy Sun! I see no more
Thy hottest glory gild the day;
Since, sever'd from my burning shore,
I waste the vapid hours away;
O! darkness come! come deepest gloom;
Shroud the young Summer's op'ning bloom!
Burn, temper'd Orb, with fiercer beams
This northern world! and drink the streams
That thro' the fertile vallies glide
To bathe the feasted Fiends of Pride!
Or hence, broad Sun! extinguish'd be!
For endless night encircles Me!

What is to me the City gay?
And what the board profusely spread?
I have no home, no rich array,
No spicy feast, no downy bed!
I with the dogs am doom'd to eat,
To perish in the peopl'd street,
To drink the tear of deep despair,
The scoff and scorn of fools to bear!
I sleep upon the pavement stone,
Or pace the meadows, wild—alone!
And if I curse my fate severe
Some Christian Savage mocks my tear!

" Shut out the Sun, O! pitying Night!
Make the wide world my silent tomb!
O'ershade this northern, sickly light,
And shroud me in eternal gloom!
My Indian plains now smiling glow,
There stands my Parent's hovel low,
And there the tow'ring aloes rise,
And fling their perfumes to the skies!
There the broad palm trees covert lend,
There Sun and Shade delicious blend;
But here, amid the blunted ray,
Cold shadows hourly cross my way.

" Was it for this, that on the main
I met the tempest fierce and strong,
And steering o'er the liquid plain,
Still onward, press'd the waves among?
Was it for this the LASCAR brave
Toil'd like a wretched Indian Slave;
Preserv'd your treasures by his toil,
And sigh'd to greet this fertile soil?
Was it for this, to beg, to die!
Where plenty smiles, and where the sky
Sheds cooling airs; while fev'rish pain
Maddens the famish'd LASCAR's brain?

" Oft I the stately Camel led,
And sung the short-hour'd night away;
And oft, upon the top-mast's head,
Hail'd the red Eye of coming day.
The Tanyan's back my mother bore;
And oft the wavy Ganges roar
Lull'd her to rest, as on she past,
'Mid the hot sands and burning blast!
And oft beneath the Banyan tree
She sate and fondly nourish'd me;
And while the noontide hour past slow
I felt her breast with kindness glow.

" Where'er I turn my sleepless eyes
No cheek so dark as mine I see;
For Europe's Suns with softer dyes
Mark Europe's favour'd progeny!
Low is my stature, black my hair,
The emblem of my Soul's despair!
My voice no dulcet cadence flings,
To touch soft pity's throbbing strings;
Then wherefore, cruel Briton, say,
Compel my aching heart to stay?
To-morrow's Sun may rise to see
The famish'd LASCAR blest as thee!"

The morn had scarcely shed its rays,
When from the City's din he ran;
For he had fasted four long days,
And faint his Pilgrimage began!
The LASCAR now, without a friend,
Up the steep hill did slow ascend;
Now o'er the flow'ry meadows stole,
While pain and hunger pinch'd his soul;
And now his fev'rish lip was dried,
And burning tears his thirst supply'd,
And ere he saw the Ev'ning close,
Far off, the City dimly rose.

Again the Summer Sun flam'd high,
The plains were golden far and wide;
And fervid was the cloudless sky,
And slow the breezes seem'd to glide:
The gossamer, on briar and spray,
Shone silv'ry in the solar ray;
And sparkling dew-drops, falling round,
Spangled the hot and thirsty ground;
The insect myriads humm'd their tune
To greet the coming hour of noon,
While the poor LASCAR Boy, in haste,
Flew, frantic, o'er the sultry waste.

And whither could the wand'rer go?
Who would receive a stranger poor?
Who, when the blasts of night should blow,
Would ope to him the friendly door?
Alone, amid the race of man,
The sad, the fearful alien ran!
None would an Indian wand'rer bless;
None greet him with the fond caress;
None feed him, though with hunger keen
He at the lordly gate were seen
Prostrate, and humbly forc'd to crave
A shelter for an Indian Slave.

The noon-tide Sun, now flaming wide,
No cloud its fierce beam shadow'd o'er,
But what could worse to him betide
Than begging at the proud man's door?
For clos'd and lofty was the gate,
And there, in all the pride of state,
A surly Porter turn'd the key,
A man of sullen soul was he—
His brow was fair; but in his eye
Sat pamper'd scorn, and tyranny;
And near him a fierce Mastiff stood,
Eager to bathe his fangs in blood.

The weary LASCAR turn'd away,
For trembling fear his heart subdued,
And down his cheek the tear would stray,
Though burning anguish drank his blood!
The angry Mastiff snarl'd as he
Turn'd from the house of luxury;
The sultry hour was long, and high
The broad-sun flam'd athwart the sky—
But still a throbbing hope possess'd
The Indian wand'rer's fev'rish breast,
When from the distant dell a sound
Of swelling music echo'd round.

It was the church-bell's merry peal;
And now a pleasant house he view'd:
And now his heart began to feel
As though it were not quite subdu'd!
No lofty dome shew'd loftier state,
No pamper'd Porter watch'd the gate,
No Mastiff like a tyrant stood,
Eager to scatter human blood;
Yet the poor Indian wand'rer found,
E'en where Religion smil'd around,
That tears had little pow'r to speak
When trembling on a *sable cheek!*

With keen reproach, and menace rude,
The LASCAR Boy away was sent;
And now again he seem'd subdu'd,
And his soul sicken'd as he went.
Now on the river's bank he stood;
Now drank the cool refreshing flood;
Again his fainting heart beat high;
Again he rais'd his languid eye;
Then from the upland's sultry side
Look'd back, forgave the wretch, and sigh'd!
While the proud pastor bent his way
To preach of CHARITY—and PRAY!

PART SECOND.

THE LASCAR Boy still journey'd on,
For the hot Sun HE well could bear,
And now the burning hour was gone,
And Evening came, with softer air.
The breezes kiss'd his sable breast,
While his scorch'd feet the cold dew prest;
The waving flow'rs soft tears display'd,
And songs of rapture fill'd the glade;
The South-wind quiver'd, o'er the stream
Reflecting back the rosy beam;
While as the purpling twilight clos'd,
On a turf bed—the boy repos'd.

And now, in fancy's airy dream,
The LASCAR Boy his Mother spied;
And from her breast a crimson stream
Slow trickled down her beating side:
And now he heard her wild, complain,
As loud she shriek'd—but shriek'd in vain!
And now she sunk upon the ground,
The red stream trickling from her wound;
And near her feet a murd'rer stood,
His glitt'ring poniard tipp'd with blood!
And now, "farewell, my son!" she cried,
Then clos'd her fainting eyes—and died!

The Indian Wand'rer, waking, gaz'd,
With grief, and pain, and horror, wild;
And tho' his fev'rish brain was craz'd,
He rais'd his eyes to Heav'n, and smil'd:
And now the stars were twinkling clear,
And the blind Bat was whirling near,
And the lone Owlet shriek'd, while he
Still sate beneath a shelt'ring tree;
And now the fierce-ton'd midnight blast
Across the wide heath howling past,
When a long cavalcade he spied
By torch-light near the river's side.

He rose, and hast'ning swiftly on,
Call'd loudly to the sumptuous train,
But soon the cavalcade was gone,
And darkness wrapp'd the scene again.
He follow'd still the distant sound;
He saw the lightning flashing round;
He heard the crashing thunder roar;
He felt the whelming torrents pour;
And now, beneath a shelt'ring wood,
He listen'd to the tumbling flood—
And now, with falt'ring, feeble breath,
The famish'd LASCAR pray'd for Death.

And now the flood began to rise,
And foaming rush'd along the vale;
The LASCAR watch'd, with stedfast eyes,
The flash descending quick and pale;
And now again the cavalcade
Pass'd slowly near the upland glade;
But HE was dark, and dark the scene,
The torches long extinct had been;
He call'd, but in the stormy hour
His feeble voice had lost its pow'r,
Till, near a tree, beside the flood,
A night-bewilder'd Trav'ller stood.

The LASCAR now with transport ran,
" Stop! stop!" he cried, with accents bold;
The Trav'ller was a fearful man,
And next his life he priz'd his gold.
He heard the wand'rer madly cry;
He heard his footsteps following nigh;
He nothing saw, while onward prest,
Black as the sky, the Indian's breast
Till his firm grasp he felt; while cold
Down his pale cheek the big drop roll'd;
Then, struggling to be free, he gave
A deep wound to the LASCAR Slave.

And now he groan'd, by pain opprest,
And now crept onward, sad and slow:
And while he held his bleeding breast
He feebly pour'd the plaint of woe:
" What have I done!" the LASCAR cried
" That Heaven to me the pow'r denied
To touch the soul of man, and share
A brother's love, a brother's care?
Why is this dingy form decreed
To bear oppression's scourge and bleed?
Is there a GOD in yon dark Heav'n,
And shall such monsters be forgiv'n?

"Here, in this smiling land we find
Neglect and mis'ry sting our race;
And still, whate'er the LASCAR's mind,
The stamp of sorrow marks his face!"
He ceas'd to speak; while from his side
Fast roll'd life's sweetly-ebbing tide,
And now, though sick and faint was he,
He slowly climb'd a tall elm tree,
To watch if near his lonely way
Some friendly Cottage lent a ray,
A little ray of chearful light,
To gild the LASCAR's long, long night!

And now he hears a distant bell,
His heart is almost rent with joy!
And who but such a wretch can tell
The transports of the Indian boy?
And higher now he climbs the tree,
And hopes some shelt'ring Cot to see;
Again he listens, while the peal
Seems up the woodland vale to steal;
The twinkling stars begin to fade,
And dawnlight purples o'er the glade;
And while the sev'ring vapours flee
The LASCAR Boy looks chearfully.

And now the Sun begins to rise
  Above the Eastern summit blue;
And o'er the plain the day-breeze flies,
  And sweetly bloom the fields of dew.
The wand'ring wretch was chill'd, for he
Sate shivering in the tall elm tree;
And he was faint, and sick, and dry,
And blood-shot was his fev'rish eye;
And livid was his lip, while he
Sate silent in the tall elm tree,
And parch'd his tongue, and quick his breath,
And his dark cheek was cold as Death!

And now a Cottage low he sees,
  The chimney smoke, ascending grey,
Floats lightly on the morning breeze
  And o'er the mountain glides away.
And now the Lark, on flutt'ring wings,
Its early song, delighted, sings;
And now, across the upland mead,
The Swains their flocks to shelter lead;
The shelt'ring woods wave to and fro;
The yellow plains far distant glow;
And all things wake to life and joy,
All! but the famish'd Indian Boy!

And now the village throngs are seen,
Each lane is peopled, and the glen
From ev'ry op'ning path-way green
Sends forth the busy hum of men.
They cross the meads, still, all alone,
They hear the wounded LASCAR groan!
Far off they mark the wretch, as he
Falls, senseless, from the tall elm tree!
Swiftly they cross the river wide,
And soon they reach the elm tree's side;
But ere the sufferer they behold,
His wither'd Heart is DEAD—*and* COLD!

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A SHEPHERD's Dog there was; and he
Was faithful to his master's will,
For well he lov'd his company
Along the plain or up the hill;
All seasons were to him the same,
Beneath the sun's meridian flame;
Or when the wint'ry wind blew shrill and keen,
Still the Old Shepherd's Dog was with his master seen.

His form was shaggy clothed; yet he
Was of a bold and faithful breed,
And kept his master company
In smiling days, and days of need;
When the long ev'ning slowly clos'd,
When ev'ry living thing repos'd,
When e'en the breeze slept on the woodlands round,
The Shepherd's watchful Dog was ever waking found.

All night upon the cold turf he
Contented lay, with list'ning care;
And though no stranger company,
Or lonely traveller rested there,
Old Trim was pleas'd to guard it still;
For 'twas his aged master's will:—
And so pass'd on the chearful night and day,
'Till the poor Shepherd's Dog was very old and grey.

Among the villagers was he
Belov'd by all the young and old;
For he was cheerful company
When the north wind blew keen and cold:
And when the cottage scarce was warm,
While round it flew the midnight storm,
When loudly, fiercely roll'd the swelling tide—
The Shepherd's faithful Dog crept closely by his side.

When Spring in gaudy dress would be
Sporting across the meadows green,
He kept his master company,
And all amid the flow'rs was seen;
Now barking loud, now pacing fast,
Now backward he a look would cast,
And now, subdu'd and weak with frolic play,
Amid the waving grass the Shepherd's Dog would stay.

Now, up the rugged path would he
  The steep hill's summit slowly gain,
And still be cheerful company,
  Though shiv'ring in the pelting rain;
And when the brook was frozen o'er,
Or the deep snow conceal'd the moor,
When the pale moon-beams scarcely shed a ray,
The Shepherd's faithful Dog would mark the dang'rous way.

On Sunday, at the old yew tree,
  Which canopies the church-yard stile,
Forc'd from his master's company,
  The faithful TRIM would mope awhile;
For then his master's only care
Was the loud psalm, or fervent pray'r;
And, 'till the throng the church-yard path retrod,
The Shepherd's patient guard lay silent on the sod.

Near their small hovel stood a tree,
  Where TRIM was ev'ry morning found—
Waiting his master's company,
  And looking wistfully around;
And if, along the upland mead,
He heard him tune the merry reed,
O then! o'er hedge and ditch, thro' brake and briar,
The Shepherd's dog would haste, with eyes that seem'd on fire.

And now he pac'd the valley free,
And now he bounded o'er the dew,
For well his master's company
Would recompence his toil he knew;
And where a rippling rill was seen
Flashing the woody brakes between,
Fearless of danger, thro' the lucid tide
The Shepherd's eager dog, yelping with joy, would glide.

Full many a year the same was he,
His love still stronger every day,
For in his master's company
He had grown old, and very grey;
And now his sight grew dim; and slow
Up the rough mountain he would go,
And his loud bark, which all the village knew,
With ev'ry wasting hour, more faint and peevish grew.

One morn to the low mead went he,
Rous'd from his threshold-bed, to meet
A gay and lordly company!—
The sun was bright, the air was sweet;
Old TRIM was watchful of his care,
His master's flocks were feeding there;
And, fearful of the hounds, he yelping stood
Beneath a willow tree, that wav'd across the flood.

Old TRIM was urg'd to wrath, for he
Was guardian of the meadow bounds;
And, heedless of the company,
With angry snarl attack'd the hounds!
Some felt his teeth, though they were old,
For still his ire was fierce and bold;
And ne'er did valiant chieftain feel more strong
Than the Old Shepherd's Dog, when daring foes among.

The sun was setting o'er the sea,
The breezes murmuring sad and slow,
When a gay lordly company
Came to the Shepherd's hovel low;
Their arm'd associates stood around
The sheep-cote fence's narrow bound,
While its poor master heard, with fix'd despair,
That TRIM, his friend, deem'd MAD, was doom'd to perish there!

The kind old Shepherd wept, for he
Had no such guide to mark his way,
And, kneeling, pray'd the company
To let him live his little day!
"For many a year my dog has been
The only friend these eyes have seen;
We both are old and feeble, he and I—
Together we have liv'd, together let us die!

"Behold his dim, yet speaking eye!
Which ill befits his visage grim;
He cannot from your anger fly,
For slow and feeble is old TRIM!
He looks as though he fain would speak,—
His beard is white—his voice is weak—
He IS NOT MAD! O! then, in pity spare
The only watchful friend of my small fleecy care!"

The Shepherd ceas'd to speak, for he
Leant on his maple staff subdu'd;
While pity touch'd the company,
And all poor TRIM with sorrow view'd:
Nine days upon a willow bed
Old TRIM was doom'd to lay his head,
Oppress'd and sever'd from his master's door,
Enough to make him MAD—were he not so before.

But not forsaken yet was he,
For ev'ry morn, at peep of day,
To keep his old friend company
The lonely Shepherd bent his way:
A little boat across the stream,
Which glitter'd in the sunny beam,
Bore him, where foes no longer could annoy,
Where TRIM stood yelping loud, and ALMOST MAD with joy!

Six days had pass'd, and still was he
  Upon the island left to roam,
When on the stream a wither'd tree
  Was gliding rapid 'midst the foam!
The little boat now onward prest,
Danc'd o'er the river's bounding breast,
Till dash'd impetuous 'gainst the old tree's side,
The Shepherd plung'd and groan'd, then sunk
    amid the tide.

Old TRIM, now doom'd his friend to see
  Beating the foam with wasted breath,
Resolv'd to bear him company
  E'en in the icy arms of death:
Soon with exulting cries he bore
His feeble master to the shore,
And, standing o'er him, howl'd in cadence sad,
For fear and fondness now had nearly made him
    MAD.

Together still their flocks they tend,
  More happy than the proudly great;
The Shepherd has no other friend—
  No lordly home, no bed of state!
But on a pallet, clean and low,
They hear unmov'd the wild winds blow;
And though they ne'er another spring may see,
The Shepherd and his Dog are chearful company.

DEBORAH'S PARROT.

A VILLAGE TALE.

'Twas in a little western town
An ancient Maiden dwelt:
Her name was Miss, or Mistress, Brown,
Or Deborah, or Debby: She
Was doom'd a spinster pure to be,
For soft delights her breast ne'er felt:
Yet, she had watchful ears and eyes
For ev'ry youthful neighbour,
And never did she cease to labour
A tripping female to surprize.

And why was she so wond'rous pure,
So stiff, so solemn—so demure?
Why did she watch with so much care
The roving youth, the wand'ring fair?

The tattler, Fame, has said that she
A spinster's life had long detested,
But 'twas her quiet destiny
Never to be molested!—
And had Miss DEBBY's form been grac'd,
Fame adds,—She had not been so chaste;—
But since for frailty she would roam,
She ne'er was taught—to *look at home.*

Miss DEBBY was of mien demure,
And blush'd like any maid!
She could not saucy man endure,
Lest she should be betray'd!
She never fail'd at dance or fair
To watch the wily lurcher's snare;
At church she was a model godly!
Though sometimes she had diff'rent eyes
Than those uplifted to the skies,
Leering most oddly!
And Scandal, ever busy, thought
She rarely practic'd—what she taught.

Her dress was always stiff brocade,
With laces broad and dear;
Fine cobwebs! that would thinly shade
Her shrivell'd cheek of sallow hue;
While, like a spider, her keen eye,
Which never shed soft pity's tear,

Small holes in others geer could spy,
And miscroscopic follies prying view.
And sorely vex'd was ev'ry simple thing
That wander'd near her never-tiring sting!

Miss DEBBY had a PARROT, who,
If Fame speaks true,
Could prate, and tell what neighbours did,
And yet the saucy rogue was never chid!
Sometimes he talk'd of roving spouses
Who wander'd from their quiet houses:
Sometimes he call'd a spinster pure
By names that virtue can't indure!
And sometimes told an ancient dame
Such tales as made her blush with shame!
Then gabbled how a giddy miss
Would give the boist'rous squire a kiss!
But chiefly he was taught to cry,
"*Who with the parson toy'd? O fie!*"

This little joke Miss DEBBY taught him,
To vex a young and pretty neighbour;
But by her scandal-zealous labour
To shame she brought him!
For the old Parrot, like his teacher,
Was but a false and canting preacher,
And many a gamesome pair had sworn
Such lessons were not to be borne.

At last, Miss DEBBY sore was flouted,
And by her angry neighbours scouted;
She never knew one hour of rest,—
Of ev'ry saucy boor the jest:
The young despis'd her, and the sage
Look'd back on Time's impartial page:
They knew that youth was giv'n to prove
The season of extatic joy,
That none but cynics would destroy
The early buds of Love.
They also knew that DEBBY sigh'd
For charms that envious Time deny'd;
That she was vex'd with jealous spleen
That Hymen pass'd her by, unseen.
For though the spinster's wealth was known,
Gold will not purchase Love—*alone*.
She and her Parrot now were thought
The torments of their little sphere:
He, because mischievously taught,
And she, because a maid austere!—
In short, she deem'd it wise to leave
A place, where none remain'd to grieve.

Soon, to a distant town remov'd,
Miss DEBBY's gold an husband bought;
And all she had her Parrot taught
(Her Parrot now no more belov'd)

Was quite forgotten. But, alas!
As Fate would have it come to pass,
Her spouse was giv'n to jealous rage;
For, both in *person* and in *age*,
He was the partner of his love,
Ordain'd her second self to prove!

One day, Old JENKINS had been out
With merry friends to dine,
And, freely talking, had no doubt
Been also free with wine.
One said, of all the wanton gay
In the whole parish, search it round,
None like the Parson could be found,
Where a frail maid was in the way.
Another thought the Parson sure
To win the heart of maid or wife;
And would have freely pledg'd his life
That, young or old, or rich or poor,
None could defy
The magic of his roving eye!

JENKINS went home, but all the night
He dream'd of this strange tale!
Yet bless'd his stars, with proud delight,
His partner was not young, nor frail.
Next morning, at the breakfast table,
The Parrot, loud as he was able,

Was heard repeatedly to cry,
" *Who with the parson toy'd? O fie!*"

Old JENKINS listen'd, and grew pale,
The Parrot then more loudly scream'd;
And Mistress JENKINS heard the tale,
And much alarm'd she seem'd!
Trembling, she tried to stop his breath,
Her lips and cheek as pale as death!
The more she trembled, still the more
Old JENKINS view'd her o'er and o'er:
And now her yellow cheek was spread
With blushes of the deepest red.

And now again the Parrot's tale
Made his old tutoress doubly pale;
For cowardice and guilt, they say,
Are the twin brothers of the soul:
So Mistress JENKINS her dismay
Could not controul!
While the accuser, now grown bold,
Thrice o'er the tale of mischief told.

Now JENKINS from the table rose,
" *Who with the parson toy'd?*" he cried.
" So, Mistress Frailty, you must play
And sport your wanton hours away.

And with your gold, a pretty joke,
You thought to buy a pleasant cloak,
A screen to hide your shame—but know
I will not *blind* to ruin go.—
I am no *modern spouse*, d'ye see,
Gold will not *gild disgrace*, with me!"
Some say he seiz'd his fearful bride,
And came to blows!
Day after day the contest dire
Augmented, with resistless ire!
And many a drubbing DEBBY bought
For mischief she her Parrot taught!

Thus, SLANDER turns against its maker:
And if this little story reaches
A SPINSTER who her PARROT teaches,
Let her a better task pursue,
And here the certain VENGEANCE view
Which surely will, in TIME, O'ERTAKE HER.

THE MURDERED MAID.

HIGH on the solitude of Alpine Hills,
O'er-topping the grand imag'ry of Nature,
Where one eternal winter seems to reign,
An HERMIT's threshold, carpetted with moss,
Diversified the scene. Above the flakes
Of silv'ry snow, full many a modest flow'r
Peep'd through its icy veil, and blushing op'd
Its variegated hues; the Orchis sweet,
The bloomy Cistus, and the fragrant branch
Of glossy Myrtle. In his rushy cell
The lonely ANCHORET consum'd his days,
Unnotic'd and unblest. In early youth,
Cross'd in the fond affections of his soul
By false Ambition, from his parent home
He solitary wander'd; while the Maid,
Whose peerless beauty won his yielding heart,
Pined in monastic horrors! Near his sill
A little cross he rear'd, where prostrate low,

At day's pale glimpse, or when the setting sun
Tissued the western sky with streamy gold,
His orisons he pour'd, for her whose hours
Were wasted in oblivion. Winters pass'd,
And summers faded, slow, unchearly all
To the lone Hermit's sorrows: For still Love
A dark, though unpolluted, altar rear'd
On the white waste of wonders!
From the peak
Which mark'd his neighb'ring hut, his humid eye
Oft wander'd o'er the rich expanse below;
Oft trac'd the glow of vegetating spring,
The full-blown summer splendours, and the hue
Of tawny scenes autumnal: Vineyards vast
Clothing the upland scene, and spreading wide
The promised tide nectareous; while for him
The liquid lapse of the slow brook was seen
Flashing amid the trees its silv'ry wave!
Far distant the blue mist of waters rose,
Veiling the ridgy outline, faintly grey,
Blended with clouds, and shutting out the sun.
The seasons still revolv'd, and still was he
By all forgotten, save by her, whose breast
Sigh'd in responsive sadness to the gale
That swept her prison turrets. Five long years
Had seen his graces wither, ere his spring
Of life was wasted. From the social scenes
Of human energy an alien driv'n,

He almost had forgot the face of Man.—
No voice had met his ear, save when perchance
The pilgrim wand'rer, or the goatherd swain,
Bewilder'd in the starless midnight hour,
Implored the Hermit's aid, the Hermit's pray'rs;
And nothing loath, by pity or by pray'r
Was he to save the wretched. On the top
Of his low rushy dome, a tinkling bell
Oft told the weary trav'ller to approach
Fearless of danger. The small silver sound
In quick vibrations echo'd down the dell
To the dim vallies quiet, while the breeze
Slept on the glassy LEMAN. Thus he past
His melancholy days, an alien man
From all the joys of social intercourse,
Alone, unpitied, by the world forgot!

His scrip each morning bore the day's repast
Gather'd on summits mingling with the clouds,
From whose bleak altitude the eye look'd down,
While fast the giddy brain was rock'd by fear.
Oft would he start from visionary rest,
When roaming wolves their midnight chorus howl'd,
Or blasts tremendous shatter'd the white cliffs,
While the huge fragments, rifted by the storm,
Plung'd to the dell below. Oft would he sit
In silent sadness on the jutting block
Of snow-encrusted ice, and shudd'ring mark

(Amid the wonders of the frozen world)
Dissolving pyramids, and threatening peaks,
Hang o'er his hovel, terribly sublime.

And oft, when summer breath'd ambrosial gales,
Soft sailing o'er the waste of printless dew
Or twilight gossamer, his pensive gaze
Trac'd the swift storm advancing, whose broad wing
Blacken'd the rushy dome of his low hut;
While the pale lightning smote the pathless top
Of tow'ring CENIS, scatt'ring high and wide
A mist of fleecy snow. Then would he hear
(While Mem'ry brought to view his happier days)
The tumbling torrent, bursting wildly forth
From its thaw'd prison, sweep the shaggy cliff
Vast and stupendous! strength'ning as it fell,
And delving, 'mid the snow, a cavern rude!

So liv'd the Hermit, like an hardy tree
Plac'd on a mountain's solitary brow,
And destin'd, thro' the seasons, to endure
Their wond'rous changes. To behold the face
Of ever-varying Nature, and to mark
In each grand lineament the work of GOD!
And happier he, in total solitude,
Than the poor toil-worn wretch, whose ardent soul
That GOD has nobly organiz'd, but taught,

For purposes unknown, to bear the scourge
Of sharp adversity and vulgar pride.
Happier, O! happier far, than those who feel,
Yet live amongst the unfeeling! feeding still
The throbbing heart with anguish or with scorn.

One dreary night, when winter's icy breath
Half petrified the scene, when not a star
Gleam'd o'er the bleak infinity of space,
Sudden the Hermit started from his couch
With painful agitation. On his cheek
The blanch'd interpreter of horror mute
Sat terribly impressive! In his breast
The ruddy fount of life convulsive flow'd,
And his broad eyes, fix'd motionless as death,
Gaz'd vacantly aghast! His feeble lamp
Was wasting rapidly; the biting gale
Pierc'd the thin texture of his narrow cell;
And silence, like a fearful centinel
Marking the peril which awaited near,
Conspir'd with sullen night to wrap the scene
In tenfold horrors. Thrice he rose, and thrice
His feet recoil'd; and still the livid flame
Lengthen'd and quiver'd as the moaning wind
Pass'd thro' the rushy crevice, while his heart
Beat, like the death-watch, in his shudd'ring breast.

Like the pale image of Despair he sat,
The cold drops pacing down his hollow cheek,
When a deep groan assail'd his startled ear,
And rous'd him into action. To the sill
Of his low hovel he rush'd forth, (for fear
Will sometimes take the shape of fortitude,
And force men into bravery) and soon
The wicker bolt unfasten'd. The swift blast,
Now unrestrain'd, flew by; and in its course
The quiv'ring lamp extinguish'd, and again
His soul was thrill'd with terror. On he went,
Even to the snow-fring'd margin of the crag,
Which to his citadel a platform made,
Slipp'ry and perilous! 'Twas darkness, all!
All solitary gloom!—The concave vast
Of Heav'n frown'd chaos; for all varied things
Of air, and earth, and waters blended, lost
Their forms in blank oblivion! Yet not long
Did Nature wear her sable panoply:
For, while the Hermit listen'd, from below
A stream of light ascended, spreading round
A partial view of trackless solitudes;
And mingling voices seem'd, with busy hum,
To break the spell of horrors. Down the steep
The Hermit hasten'd, when a shriek of death
Re-echoed to the valley. As he flew,
(The treach'rous pathway yielding to his speed,)
Half hoping, half despairing, to the scene

Of wonder-waking anguish, suddenly
The torches were extinct, and second night
Came doubly hideous; while the hollow tongues
Of cavern'd winds, with melancholy sound,
Increas'd the Hermit's fears. Four freezing hours
He watch'd and pray'd: and now the glimm'ring dawn
Peer'd on the eastern summits; (the blue light
Shedding cold lustre on the colder brows
Of Alpine desarts;) while the filmy wing
Of weeping twilight swept the naked plains
Of the Lombardian landscape.
On his knees
The Anchoret blest Heav'n, that he had 'scap'd
The many perilous and fearful falls
Of waters wild and foamy, tumbling fast
From the shagg'd altitude. But, ere his pray'rs
Rose to their destin'd Heav'n, another sight,
Than all preceding far more terrible,
Palsied devotion's ardour. On the snow,
Dappled with ruby drops, a track was made
By steps precipitate; a rugged path
Down the steep frozen chasm had mark'd the fate
Of some night traveller, whose bleeding form
Had toppled from the summit. Lower still
The Anchoret descended, 'till arrived
At the first ridge of silv'ry battlements,
Where, lifeless, ghastly, paler than the snow

On which her cheek repos'd, his darling Maid
Slept in the dream of Death! Frantic and wild
He clasp'd her stiff'ning form, and bath'd with tears
The lilies of her bosom—icy cold—
Yet beautiful and spotless.

Now, afar
The wond'ring Hermit heard the clang of arms
Re-echoing from the valley: the white cliffs
Trembled as though an earthquake shook their base
With terrible concussion! Thund'ring peals
From warfare's brazen throat, proclaim'd the approach
Of conquering legions: onward they extend
Their dauntless columns! In the foremost group
A ruffian met the Hermit's startled eyes,
Like hell's worst demon! For his murd'rous hands
Were smear'd with gore; and on his daring breast
A golden cross, suspended, bore the name
Of his ill-fated victim! To his cell
The soul-struck exile turn'd his trembling feet,
And after three lone weeks of pain and pray'r,
Shrunk from the scene of solitude—and DIED!

THE NEGRO GIRL.

DARK was the dawn, and o'er the deep
The boist'rous whirlwinds blew;
The Sea-bird wheel'd its circling sweep,
And all was drear to view,
When on the beach that binds the western shore
The love-lorn ZELMA stood, list'ning the tempest's roar.

Her eager Eyes beheld the main,
While on her DRACO dear
She madly call'd, but call'd in vain,
No sound could DRACO hear,
Save the shrill yelling of the fateful blast,
While ev'ry Seaman's heart quick shudder'd as it past.

White were the billows, wide display'd
The clouds were black and low;
The Bittern shriek'd, a gliding shade
Seem'd o'er the waves to go!
The livid flash illum'd the clam'rous main,
While ZELMA pour'd, unmark'd, her melancholy strain.

" Be still!" she cries, " loud tempest cease!
O! spare the gallant souls!"
The thunder rolls—the winds increase—
The Sea like mountains rolls.
While from the deck the the storm-worn victims leap,
And o'er their struggling limbs the furious billows sweep.

" O! barb'rous Pow'r! relentless Fate!
Does Heaven's high will decree
That some should sleep on beds of state—
Some in the roaring Sea?
Some nurs'd in splendour deal Oppression's blow,
While worth and DRACO pine—in Slavery and woe!

" Yon vessel oft has plough'd the main
With human traffic fraught;
Its cargo—our dark Sons of pain—
For worldly treasure bought!
What had they done? O Nature tell me why
Is taunting scorn the lot of thy dark progeny?

" Thou gav'st, in thy caprice, the Soul
Peculiarly enshrin'd;
Nor from the ebon Casket stole
The Jewel of the mind!
Then wherefore let the suff'ring Negro's breast
Bow to his fellow MAN, in brighter colours drest.

" Is it the dim and glossy hue
That marks him for despair?
While men with blood their hands embrue,
And mock the wretch's pray'r,
Shall guiltless Slaves the scourge of tyrants feel,
And, e'en before their GOD! unheard, unpitied kneel.

" Could the proud rulers of the land
Our Sable race behold;
Some bow'd by Torture's giant hand,
And other's basely sold!
Then would they pity Slaves, and cry, with shame,
Whate'er their TINTS may be, their SOULS are still the same!

" Why seek to mock the Ethiop's face?
Why goad our hapless kind?
Can features alienate the race—
Is there no kindred mind?
Does not the cheek which vaunts the roseate hue
Oft blush for crimes that Ethiops never knew?

" Behold! the angry waves conspire
To check the barb'rous toil!
While wounded Nature's vengeful ire
Roars round this trembling Isle!
And hark! her voice re-echoes in the wind—
Man was not form'd by Heav'n to trample on his kind!

" Torn from my mother's aching breast,
My Tyrant sought my love—
But in the grave shall ZELMA rest,
Ere she will faithless prove;
No, DRACO!—Thy companion I will be
To that celestial realm where Negros shall be free!

" The Tyrant WHITE MAN taught my mind
The letter'd page to trace;
He taught me in the Soul to find
No tint, as in the face:
He bade my reason blossom like the tree—
But fond affection gave the ripen'd fruits to thee.

" With jealous rage he mark'd my love;
He sent thee far away;
And prison'd in the plaintain grove
Poor ZELMA pass'd the day;
But ere the moon rose high above the main
ZELMA and Love contriv'd to break the Tyrant's chain.

" Swift, o'er the plain of burning Sand
My course I bent to thee;
And soon I reach'd the billowy strand
Which bounds the stormy Sea.
DRACO! my Love! Oh yet thy ZELMA's soul
Springs ardently to thee, impatient of controul.

" Again the lightning flashes white
The rattling cords among!
Now, by the transient vivid light,
I mark the frantic throng!
Now up the tatter'd shrouds my DRACO flies,
While o'er the plunging prow the curling billows rise.

" The topmast falls—three shackled slaves
Cling to the Vessel's side!
Now lost amid the madd'ning waves—
Now on the mast they ride—
See! on the forecastle my DRACO stands,
And he now he waves his chain, now clasps his bleeding hands.

" Why, " cruel WHITE-MAN! when away
My sable Love was torn,
Why did you let poor ZELMA stay,
On Afric's sands to mourn?
No! ZELMA is not left, for she will prove
In the deep troubled main her fond—her faithful Love!"

The lab'ring Ship was now a wreck,
The shrouds were flutt'ring wide;
The rudder gone, the lofty deck
Was rock'd from side to side—

Poor ZELMA's eyes now dropp'd their last big tear,
While from her tawny cheek the blood recoil'd
with fear.

Now frantic, on the sands she roam'd,
Now shrieking stopp'd to view
Where high the liquid mountains foam'd
Around the exhausted crew—
'Till, from the deck, her DRACO's well-known form
Sprung 'mid the yawning waves, and buffetted the
storm.

Long, on the swelling surge sustain'd,
Brave DRACO sought the shore,
Watch'd the dark Maid, but ne'er complain'd,
Then sunk, to gaze no more!
Poor ZELMA saw him buried by the wave,
And, with her heart's true Love, plung'd in a
wat'ry grave.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

Who dwelt in yonder lonely Cot?
Why is it thus forsaken?
It seems by all the world forgot,
Above its path the high grass grows,
And through its thatch the north-wind blows
—Its thatch by tempests shaken.

And yet it tops a verdant hill
By Summer gales surrounded:
Beneath its door a shallow rill
Runs brawling to the vale below,
And near it sweetest flowrets grow
By banks of willow bounded.

Then why is ev'ry casement dark?
Why looks the Cot so chearless?
Ah! why does ruin seem to mark
The calm retreat where Love should dwell,
And Friendship teach the heart to swell
With rapture pure and fearless?

There, far above the busy croud,
Man may repose in quiet;
There smile that he has left the proud,
And blest with liberty, enjoy
More than Ambition's gilded toy,
Or Folly's sick'ning riot.

For there, the ever tranquil mind,
On calm Religion resting,
May in each lonely labyrinth find
The DEITY, whose boundless pow'r
Directs the blast, or tints the flow'r—
No mortal foe molesting.

Stranger, yon spot was once the scene
Where peace and joy resided:
And oft the merry time has been
When Love and Friendship warm'd the breast,
And Freedom, making wealth a jest,
The pride of Pomp derided.

Old JACOB was the Cottage Lord,
His wide domain surrounding
By Nature's treasure amply stor'd;
He from his casement could behold
The breezy mountain, ting'd with gold,
The varied landscape bounding!

The coming morn, with lustre gay,
Breath'd sweetly on his dwelling;
The twilight veil of parting day
Stole softly o'er his quiet shed,
Hiding the mountain's misty head,
Where the night-breeze was swelling.

One lovely Girl Old JACOB rear'd,
And she was fair and blooming;
She like the morning Star appear'd,
Swift gliding o'er the mountain's crest,
While her blue eyes her soul confess'd,
No borrow'd rays assuming.

'Twas her's the vagrant lamb to lead,
To watch the wild goat playing;
To join the Shepherd's tuneful reed,
And, when the sultry Sun rose high,
To tend the herds, deep-lowing nigh,
Where the swift brook was straying.

One sturdy Boy, a younker bold,
Ere they were doom'd to sever,
Maintain'd poor JACOB, sick and old;
But now, where yon tall poplars wave,
Pale primroses adorn the grave—
Where JACOB sleeps, for Ever!

Young, in the wars, the brave Boy fell!
His Sister died of sadness!
But *one* remain'd their fate to tell,
For JACOB now was left alone,
And he, alas! was helpless grown,
And pin'd in moody madness.

At night, by moonshine would he stray
Along the upland dreary;
And, talking wildly all the way,
Would fancy, 'till the Sun uprose,
That Heav'n, in pity, mark'd the woes
Of which his soul was weary.

One morn, upon the dewy grass
Poor JACOB's sorrows ended,
The woodland's narrow winding pass
Was his last scene of lonely care,
For, gentle Stranger, lifeless there
Was JACOB's form extended!

He lies beneath yon poplar tree
That tops the church-yard, sighing:
For sighing oft it seems to be,
And as its waving leaves, around,
With morning's tears begem the ground
The Zephyr trembles, flying.

And now behold yon little Cot
  All dreary and forsaken;
And know, that soon 'twill be thy lot
To fall, like Jacob and his race,
And leave on Time's swift wing no trace
  Which way thy course is taken.

Yet, if for Truth and feeling known,
  Thou still shalt be lamented:
For when thy parting sigh has flown,
Fond MEM'RY on thy grave shall give
A tear—to bid thy VIRTUES live!
  Then—Smile, AND BE CONTENTED!

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

SWEET Baby Boy! thy soft cheek glows
An emblem of the living rose;
Thy breath a zephyr seems to rise,
And placid are thy half-clos'd eyes;
And silent is thy snowy breast,
Which gently heaves in transient rest;
And dreaming is thy infant brain
Of pleasure undisturb'd by pain.

Soon will thy Youth to sorrow rise,
And tears will dim those half-clos'd eyes;
And storms shall fade that living rose,
And keen unkindness wound repose.
Soon will thy slumbers painful be,
And thou wilt watch and weep—like me!
And thou wilt shrink with fear aghast
From wild Misfortune's chilling blast.

Ah! then no more in balmy sleep
Shall mem'ry fond her garland steep;
No more shall visions sweetly gay
Sport in the coming beams of day;
No more thy downy pillow be
A pillow, Boy, of down for thee!
For many a thorn shall ruthless Care
In envious rancour scatter there!

Sweet Baby Boy! then sleep awhile,
For Youth will never wake to smile;
Time flings its poisons round the bed
Where Manhood lays his weary head:
The summer day of life will lour
As long, Poor Boy, as winter's hour,
Unless the goddess Fortune brings
The magic of her golden wings!

A MADRIGAL.

Oh! sad and watchful waits the Lover
Whose fate depends upon a smile,
Who counts the weary minutes over,
And chides his flutt'ring heart the while.

Oh! proud and madd'ning is the pleasure
When to my sight thy form appears,
Array'd in Nature's winning treasure
Of blushing hopes and graceful fears.

Then, rose of beauty, haste and cheer me,
With lips like rubies come and smile;
Ah! trust my faith, and do not fear me,
I love too fondly to beguile!

The false and cunning may allure thee,
And win thee only to betray;
I would not, Lady, so secure thee,
Nor win thy favour for a day.

Then come and bless me, Nature's treasure!
Oh! come and bid my sorrows fly;
Instruct my heart to throb with pleasure,
Or bid me cease to hope—and die!

Ah! rose of beauty, since thy lover
For thee a thousand lives would give,
One grateful thought at least discover,
One little sigh to bid him—LIVE!

TO THE WANDERER.

WELCOME! once more, to this sad breast,
Where pain and sorrow dwell;
Where feeling bids the quick pulse tell
How long this heart has sigh'd for rest:
Welcome, O Mem'ry, to this brain,
Which long has throbb'd with fev'rish pain;
For thou in ev'ry thought canst prove
That Time has never flown from Love.

Reproach me not, with icy scorn,
The fault was ever thine;
For thou awhile wert pleas'd to twine
With Hope's fair flow'rs Affliction's thorn.
Thou by caprice and folly led,
In all my paths its influence shed,
And bad thy sighing spirit prove
That weary Time could menace Love!

Then wonder not, if months and years,
I strove to fly from thee,
If vainly struggling to be free,
I bath'd the bonds of truth with tears!
Ah! wonder not that *others* tried
To touch the deaden'd sense of Pride;
That others sought awhile to prove
How Time neglected flies from Love.

Then O! forbear reproachful lays
To mingle with thy fears;
While Hope in lovely garb appears,
With happier hours and calmer days.
Thrice twelve long months have taught my mind
The patient task of peace resign'd;
And must I, * *, must I prove
That TIME has fail'd to vanquish LOVE!

STANZAS TO FLORA.

LET others wreaths of roses twine,
With scented leaves of eglantine;
Enamell'd buds and gaudy flow'rs,
The pride of FLORA's painted bow'rs;
Such common charms shall ne'er be wove
Around the brows of him I love.

Fair are their beauties for a day,
But swiftly do they fade away;
Each Pink sends forth its choicest sweet
AURORA's warm embrace to meet;
And each inconstant breeze that blows
Steals essence from the musky Rose.

Then lead me, FLORA, to the vale,
Where, shelter'd from the fickle gale,
In modest garb, amidst the gloom,
The constant Myrtle sheds perfume;
And hid secure from prying eyes,
In spotless beauty blooms and dies.

And should its velvet leaves dispense
No pow'rful odours to the sense;
Should no proud tints of gaudy hue
With dazzling lustre pain the view;
Still shall its verdant boughs defy
The northern blast, and wintry sky.

Ah, VENUS! should this hand of mine
Steal from thy tree a wreath divine,
Assist me, while I fondly bind
Two hearts, by holy Friendship join'd;
Thy cherish'd branches then shall prove
Sacred to Truth, as well as Love.

STANZAS TO LOVE.

TELL ME, LOVE, when I rove o'er some far distant plain,
Shall I cherish the passion that dwells in my breast?
Or will Absence subdue the keen rigours of pain,
And the swift wing of Time bring the balsam of rest?

Shall the image of him I was born to adore
Inshrin'd in my bosom my idol still prove!
Or, seduced by caprice, shall fine feeling no more
With the incense of truth gem the altar of Love?

When I view the deep tint of the dew-dropping rose,
Where the bee sits enamour'd its nectar to sip;
Then, ah say! will not memory fondly disclose
The softer vermilion that glow'd on his lip?

Will the Sun, when he rolls in his chariot of fire,
So dazzle my mind with the glare of his rays,
That my senses one moment shall cease to admire
The more perfect refulgence that beam'd in his lays?

When the shadows of twilight steal over the plain,
And the Nightingale pours its lorn plaint in the grove;
Ah! will not the fondness that thrills thro' the strain,
Then recall to my mind his dear accents of Love!

Then spare, thou sweet Urchin, thou soother of pain,
Oh! spare the soft picture engrav'd on my heart;
As a record of Love let it ever remain;
My bosom thy tablet—thy pencil a dart.

LOVE AND REASON.

LOVE said to Reason, "Know my pow'r,
Nor vaunt thy pedant rules;
I can the sweetest natures sour,
And make the wisest fools.

"I bid Philosophy submit,
I make the dullest gay;
To idiots lend a gleam of wit,
Or darken Wisdom's ray.

I can teach proud and freezing Scorn
To feel my potent skill;
The sternest face with smiles adorn,
The cold with rapture thrill."

"'Tis true," indignant REASON said,
"Too much of pow'r's thy own:
Yet 'tis where I refuse my aid,
That only thou art known.

"But Time, that conquers e'en thy art,
Bids Reason's altar burn,
And as he calms the fev'rish heart,
I triumph in my turn."

TO A FRIEND.

COLD blows the wind upon the mountain's brow;
In murmuring cadence wave the leafless woods;
The feath'ry tribe mope on the frozen bough,
And icy fetters hold the silent floods:
But endless Spring the Poet's breast shall prove,
Whose Genius kindles at the torch of Love.

For him, unfading, blooms the fertile mind,
The current of the heart for ever flows;
Fearless his bosom braves the wintry wind,
While thro' each nerve eternal summer glows;
In vain would chilling Apathy controul
The lambent fire that warms the lib'ral soul!

To me the limpid brook, the painted mead,
The crimson dawn, the twilight's purple close;
The mirthful dance, the shepherd's tuneful reed,
The musky fragrance of the opening rose:
To me, alas! all pleasures senseless prove,
Save the sweet converse of the FRIEND I love.

LIFE.

"What is this world?—thy school, O misery!
"Our only lesson is to learn to suffer."

YOUNG.

LOVE, thou sportive fickle boy,
Source of anguish, child of joy,
Ever wounding—ever smiling,
Soothing still, and still beguiling:
What are all thy boasted treasures,
Tender sorrows, transient pleasures?
Anxious hopes, and jealous fears,
LAUGHING HOURS, and MOURNING YEARS.
Fancy's balm for ev'ry wound,
Ever sought, but rarely found!
Deck'd with brightest tints at morn,
At twilight with'ring on a thorn;
Like the gentle rose of spring,
Chill'd by ev'ry zephyr's wing:
Ah! how soon its colour flies,
Blushes, trembles, falls, and dies.

What is YOUTH?—a smiling sorrow,
Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow;
Never fix'd, for ever ranging,
Laughing, weeping, doating, changing;
Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain;
AGE steals on with wint'ry face,
Ev'ry rapt'rous Hope to chase;
Like a wither'd, sapless tree,
Bow'd to chilling Fate's decree;
Strip'd of all its foilage gay,
Drooping at the close of day;
What of tedious Life remains?
Keen regrets and cureless pains;
Till DEATH appears, a welcome friend,
To bid the scene of sorrow end.

TO ——.

"I will instruct my Sorrows to be Proud."

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis past! and now, remorseless Fate,
Thy Victim braves thy direst hate,
My mind resists thy poison'd dart,
And conscious pride sustains my heart;
Behold my placid smiles disclose,
The pang is past that seal'd my woes!

Since now, no more to grief a prey,
My tranquil hours shall glide away;
Since Reason from my sated brain
Shall tear the records of past pain;
Since warring passions sink to rest,
And fierce resentment leaves my breast;
Since from the wreath fond Fancy made,
Hope's transient flow'rs for ever fade;
One proud indignant tear shall prove
The signal of expiring love.
Sweet offspring of long cherish'd woe,
No more thy glittering fount shall flow;
But trembling in its azure cell,
Conceal'd in haughty silence dwell;

Or if, perchance, one drop should steal,
The pangs of memory to reveal,
On my cold bosom shalt thou shine,
A peerless gem—on Feeling's shrine!

Now if remorse can touch thy heart,
Or gracious deeds one joy impart;
O, if Reflection turns at last
To all my proud affection past,
Which shar'd each pang that wrung thy breast,
And sooth'd thy wounded mind to rest;
When soft-ey'd Sympathy entwin'd
A feath'ry chain, thy heart to bind;
And with responsive sighs dispell'd
Each wayward passion that rebell'd:
Calming with Friendship's dulcet sounds
The anguish of dark Falsehood's wounds;
When friends were cold, and foes severe,
And smiling Envy stung thine ear;
Who, with meek counsel, bade thee know
The specious garb that veil'd the foe?
And turning from thy breast his wound,
Saw, in strong spells, the mischief bound?
When Fortune, smiling on my lot,
Illum'd with joy my favour'd cot;
When sportive Love a wreath entwin'd,
The graces of my breast to bind;
When Youth rush'd forward to bestow
On my warm lip the ruby's glow;

When Health spread rapture o'er my cheek,
That bade the blushing roses speak,
And gave my eye the spark divine—
Say, were not all these treasures THINE?

When lust'rous summer deck'd my bow'rs,
And hung my couch with rarest flow'rs;
When plenty crown'd my little board,
With all abundant Nature stor'd;
When social Mirth's enliv'ning strain
Mock'd the dull groan of worldly pain;
When e'en Philosophy confess'd
That Love's pure flame could warm the breast;
When Wisdom listen'd as I sung,
To catch new precepts from my tongue;—
Say, did such trivial flatteries move
The heart enslav'd by THEE and LOVE?

'TIS PAST! now Reason's sober light
Steals through the gloom of mental night;
Since Love's fond tale can cheat no more,
And e'en false Hope's bright dream is o'er.

Come, gentle Peace! these eye-lids close
On some blest pallet of repose;
And thou, dear Muse, in pity give
One wreath, to bid my Memory live:
Then will I smile at envious Fate's decree,
Forget MY WOES, myself, the world, and THEE.

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

IN IMITATION OF SAPPHO.

THE seasons, lover false! are changing slow,
And now Winter passes by on snowy wing;
Swiftly the zephyrs bid their pinions go,
Wafting the perfum'd harbinger of Spring!
The Summer blushes as she steals away,
And short, though splendid, is her glowing day!

Then Autumn comes, in tawny graces drest,
And in majestic solemn pomp retires;
Rich are the trappings of her burning breast,
And her broad eye flames undulating fires!
I greet thee, Season! for my ardent soul
Like thee, must own, the stormy hours controul!

The SPRING of joy no more shall bid me see
Young budding blossoms of delightful hue!
Nor shall luxuriant SUMMER smile for me;
Nor thou, red AUTUMN, open to my view!
Then come, thou season turbulent, and prove
How weak thy storm oppos'd to hopeless love!

In vain you fly me! on the madd'ning main
SAPPHO shall haunt thee 'mid the whirlwind's roar;
SAPPHO shall o'er the mountains chaunt her strain,
And Echo bear it to thy distant shore!
No scene upon the world's wide space shall be
A scene of rest, ungrateful man, to thee!

When the wind howls along the forest drear,
Or faintly whispers on the curling sea,
My voice upon the dying gale to hear
Thou shalt awake—and call, in vain, on me!
And when the morning beam illumes the sky,
My faded form shall meet thy sleepless eye!

False Lover! no, upon the tow'ring steep,
Where Fame her temple rears, defying Time,
SAPPHO shall mark unaw'd the bounding deep,
And meet her fate with fortitude sublime!
And while thy name to blank Oblivion fades,
SAPPHO shall smiling seek th' Elysian shades.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

Ah! think no more that Life's delusive joys
Can charm my thoughts from Friendship's dearer claim;
Or wound a heart that scarce a wish employs,
For age to censure, or discretion blame.

Tir'd of the world, my weary mind recoils
From splendid scenes and transitory joys;
From fell Ambition's false and fruitless toils,
From hope that flatters, and from bliss that cloys.

With thee, above the taunts of empty pride,
The rigid frowns to youthful error giv'n,
Content in solitude my griefs I'll hide,
Thy voice my counsellor, thy smiles my Heav'n.

With thee I'll hail the morn's returning ray,
Or climb the dewy mountain bleak and cold;
On the smooth lake observe the sun-beams play,
Or mark the infant flow'rs their buds unfold.

Pleas'd will I watch the glitt'ring queen of night
Spread her white mantle o'er the face of Heaven;
And from thy converse snatch the pure delight,
By truth sublime to mental feeling given.

And as the varying seasons glide away,
This moral lesson shall my bosom learn:
How Time steals on, while blissful hours decay
Like fleeting shadows—never to return!

And when I see thy warm unspotted mind
Torn with the wound of broken Friendship's dart;
When sickness chills thy breast with pangs unkind,
Or ruthless sorrow preys upon thy heart;

The task be mine to soothe thee to repose,
To check the sigh, and stay the trickling tear,
Or with soft sympathy to share thy woes;—
O proudest rapture of the soul sincere!

And ye who flutter thro' the vacant hour,
Where tasteless Apathy's empoison'd wand
Arrests the vagrant sense with numbing pow'r,
While vanquish'd Reason bows at her command;

O say, what bliss can transient Life bestow,
What balm so grateful to the social mind
As Friendship's voice—where gentle precepts flow
From the blest source of sentiment refin'd?

When Fate's stern hand shall close my weeping eye,
And seal, at length, my wand'ring spirit's doom;
Oh! may kind Friendship catch my parting sigh,
And cheer with Hope the terrors of the Tomb!

STANZAS.

When fragrant gales and summer show'rs
Call'd forth the sweetly-scented flow'rs;
When ripen'd sheaves of golden grain
Strew'd their rich treasures o'er the plain;
When the full grape did nectar yield,
In tepid drops of purple hue;
When the thick grove and thirsty field
Drank the soft show'r, and bloom'd anew:
O then my joyful heart did say,
"Sure this is Nature's Holy-day!"

But when the yellow leaf did fade,
And every gentle flow'r decay'd;
When whistling winds and drenching rain
Swept with rude force the naked plain;
When o'er the desolated scene
I saw the drifted snow descend,
And sadness darken'd all the green,
And Nature's triumphs seem'd to end:
O then my mourning heart did say,
"Thus Youth shall vanish, Life decay!"

When Beauty blooms, and Fortune smiles,
And Wealth the easy breast beguiles;
When Pleasure from her downy wings
Her soft bewitching incense flings;
Then Friends look kind—and round the heart
  The brightest flames of Passion move,
False Flatt'ry's soothing strains impart
  The warmest Friendship, fondest Love:
But when capricious Fortune flies,
Then FRIENDSHIP fades,—and PASSION dies.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SEA-COAST.

Swift o'er the bounding deep the Vessel glides,
Its streamers flutt'ring in the summer gales,
The lofty mast the breezy air derides,
As gaily o'er the glitt'ring surf she sails.

Now beats each gallant heart with innate joys,
Bright hopes and tender fears alternate vie,
Dear schemes of pure delight the mind employs,
And the soul glistens in the tearful eye.

The fond expecting Maid delighted stands
On the bleak summit of yon chalky bourn,
With waving handkerchief and lifted hands
She hails her darling sailor's safe return.

Ill-fated Maid, ne'er shall thy gentle breast
The chaste reward of constant passion prove;
Ne'er shall that timid form again be press'd
In the dear bondage of unsullied love:

Stern Heaven forbids—the dark o'erwhelming deep
Mocks the poor pilot's skill, and braves his sighs;
O'er the high deck the frothy billows sweep,
And the fierce tempest drowns the sea-boy's cries.

The madd'ning ocean swells with furious roar;
See the devoted bark, the shatter'd mast!
The splitting hulk, dash'd on the rocky shore,
Rolls 'midst the howlings of the direful blast.

O'er the vex'd deep the vivid sulphur flies,
The jarring elements their clamours blend,
The deaf'ning thunder roars along the skies,
And whistling winds from lurid clouds descend.

The lab'ring wreck, contending with the wave,
Mounts to the blast, or plunges in the main;
The trembling wretch, suspended o'er his grave,
Clings to the tatter'd shrouds; the pouring rain
Chills his sad breast:—methinks I see him weep,
I hear his fearful groan, his mutter'd pray'r.
O cease to mourn! behold the yawning deep,
Where soon thy weary soul shall mock Despair!
Yes, soon thy aching heart shall rest in peace:
For in the arms of Death all human sorrows cease.

"Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains."

POPE.

TO POPE'S OAK.

Written under an Oak in Windsor Forest, bearing the following Inscription.

"HERE POPE first sung!" O hallow'd tree!
Such is the boast thy bark displays;
Thy branches, like thy patron's lays,
Shall ever, ever, sacred be;
Nor with'ring storm, nor woodman's stroke,
Shall harm the Poet's favourite Oak.

'Twas here he woo'd his Muse of fire,
While Inspiration's wond'rous art,
Sublimely stealing thro' his heart,
Did Fancy's proudest themes inspire;
'Twas here he wisely learnt to smile
At empty praise and courtly guile.

Retir'd from flatt'ring, specious arts,
From fawning sycophants of state,
From knaves with ravag'd wealth elate,
And little slaves with tyrant hearts:
In conscious freedom nobly proud,
He scorn'd the envious grov'ling crowd.

Tho' splendid domes around them rise,
And pompous titles lull to rest
Each struggling virtue in the breast,
'Till Pow'r the place of Worth supplies;
The wretched herd can never know
The sober joys these haunts bestow.

Does the fond Muse delight to dwell,
Where freezing penance spreads its shade?
Where scarce the sun's warm beams pervade
The hoary Hermit's dreary cell?
Ah! no—There Superstition blind
With torpid langour chills the mind.

Or does she seek Life's busy scene,
Ah! no, the sordid mean and proud,
The little, trifling, flutt'ring crowd,
Can never taste her bliss serene;
She flies from Fashion's tinsel toys,
Nor courts her smile, nor shares her joys.

Nor can the dull pedantic mind
E'er boast her bright creative fires;
Above constraint her wing aspires,
Nor rigid spells her flight can bind;
The narrow track of musty schools
She leaves to plodding vapid fools.

To scenes like these she bends her way,
Here the best feelings of the soul
Nor interest taints, nor threats controul,
Nor vice allures, nor snares betray;
Here, from each trivial hope remov'd,
Our Bard first sought the Muse he lov'd.

Still shall thy pensive gloom diffuse
The verse sublime, the dulcet song;
While round the Poet's seat shall throng
Each rapture sacred to the Muse;
Still shall thy verdant branches be
The bow'r of wond'rous minstrelsy.

When glow-worms light their little fires,
The am'rous swain and timid maid
Shall sit and talk beneath thy shade,
As Eve's last rosy tint expires;
While on thy boughs the plaintive Dove
Shall learn from them the tale of Love.

When round the quiv'ring moon-beams play,
And Fairies form the grassy ring,
'Till the shrill Lark unfurls his wing,
And soars to greet the blushing day,
The Nightingale shall pour to thee
Her song of love-lorn melody.

When thro' the forest dark and drear
Full oft, as ancient stories say,
Old HERNE the Hunter* loves to stray,
While village-damsels quake with fear;
Nor sprite or spectre shall invade
The deep repose that marks thy shade.

Blest OAK! thy mossy trunk shall be
As lasting as the Laurel's bloom
That decks immortal VIRGIL's tomb,
And fam'd as SHAKSPERE's hallow'd tree;
For every grateful Muse shall twine
A votive Wreath to deck THY SHRINE.

---

* Shakspere's Merry Wives of Windsor.

STANZAS TO THE ROSE.

SWEET Picture of Life's chequer'd hour!
Ah, wherefore droop thy blushing head?
Tell me, oh tell me, hapless flow'r,
Is it because thy charms are fled?
Come, gentle ROSE, and learn from me
A lesson of Philosophy.

Thy scented buds Life's joys disclose,
They strew our paths with magic sweets,
Where many a thorn like thine, fair Rose,
Full oft the weary wand'rer meets:
And when he sees thy charms depart,
He feels thy thorn within his heart.

When Morn's bright torch illum'd the sky,
Vainly thy flaunting buds display'd
Enamell'd leaves of crimson die,—
Ill-fated blossoms doom'd to fade:
'Tis so with Beauty, hapless flow'r,
Its lustre blooms but for an hour.

Come, blushing ROSE, and on my breast
Recline thy gentle head, and die;
Thy scatter'd leaves shall there be press'd,
Bath'd with a tear from Pity's eye:
There shall thy balmy sweets impart
An essence grateful to my heart.

Thus Sympathy, with lenient pow'r,
Shall bid thy fading charms bestow
Soft odours for life's happy hour,
Kind healing balsam for its woe!
If such thy virtues, ROSE divine!
Oh! may thy envied fate be mine.

TO THE MYRTLE.

UNFADING branch of verdant hue,
In modest sweetness drest,
Shake off thy pearly tears of dew,
And decorate my breast.

Dear emblem of the feeling mind,
Truth's consecrated tree!
Still shall thy trembling blossoms find
A faithful friend in me.

Nor chilling breeze, nor drizzling rain,
Thy glossy leaves can spoil,
Their sober beauties fresh remain
In every varying soil.

If e'er this aching heart of mine
A wand'ring thought should prove,
O let thy branches round it twine,
And bind it fast to Love!

For, ah! the little fluttering thing,
Amidst Life's tempest rude,
Has felt Affliction's sharpest sting,
Yet triumphs unsubdued!

Like thee it braves the wintry wind
And mocks the storm's fierce pow'r;
Tho' from its HOPES the blast unkind
Had torn each promis'd flow'r.

Tho' round its fibres barb'rous fate
Has twin'd an icy spell,
Still in its central fires elate
The purest passions dwell.

When Life's disast'rous scene is fled,
This humble boon I crave:
Oh! bind your branches round my head,
And blossom on my grave!

STANZAS.

Why, if perchance thy gaze I meet,
Glows my wan cheek with crimson dye?
Why do my languid pulses beat
With quick'ned throbs when thou art nigh?
Why does my fault'ring language fail,
My trembling form its strength forego;
Why do my quiv'ring lips turn pale,
Chill'd by the touch of secret woe?

Say, when thy tuneful voice I hear,
Why does my anguish'd bosom swell?
Why steals the fond unbidding tear
The soul's dire agony to tell?
Why when my feeble hand you press,
And whisper passion's transport sweet,
Why do I shun the fond caress,
And dread thy ardent flame to meet?

Ah! 'tis because too well I know
  Love is a tyrant fickle boy;
His smiles conceal the pangs of woe,
  His dearest gift is short-liv'd joy.
He soars aloft on Lovers' sighs;
  In breaking hearts his temple rears,
With cunning care he blinds our eyes,
  Then, laughing, mocks our falling tears.

INSCRIBED TO MARIA,

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER.

THE ROSE that hails the morning
Array'd in all its sweets,
Its mossy couch adorning,
The SUN enamour'd meets;
Yet when the warm beam rushes
Where, hid in gloom, it lies,
O'erwhelm'd with glowing blushes,
The hapless victim dies!

SWEET MAID, this ROSE discovers
How frail is BEAUTY'S doom,
When Flatt'ry round it hovers
To spoil its proudest bloom.
Then shun each gaudy pleasure
That lures THEE on to fade,
And guard THY Beauty's treasure,
To decorate a SHADE!

LINES

TO

HIM WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

THOU art no more my bosom's FRIEND;
Here must the sweet delusion end,
That charm'd my senses many a year,
Thro' smiling summers, winters drear.—
O, FRIENDSHIP! am I doom'd to find
Thou art a phantom of the mind?
A glitt'ring shade, an empty name,
An air-born vision's vap'rish flame?
And yet, the dear deceit so long
Has wak'd to joy my matin song,
Has bid my tears forget to flow,
Chas'd ev'ry pain, sooth'd ev'ry woe;
That Truth, unwelcome to my ear,
Swells the deep sigh, recalls the tear,
Gives to the sense the keenest smart,
Checks the warm pulses of the Heart,
Darkens my Fate and steals away
Each gleam of joy thro' life's sad day.

BRITAIN, Farewell! I quit thy shore,
My native Country charms no more;
No guide to mark the toilsome road;
No destin'd clime; no fix'd abode;
Alone and sad, ordain'd to trace
The vast expanse of endless space;
To view, upon the mountain's height,
Thro' varied shades of glimm'ring light
The distant landscape fade away
In the last gleam of parting day:
Or, on the quivering lucid stream,
To watch the pale moon's silv'ry beam;
Or when, in sad and plaintive strains,
The mournful PHILOMEL complains,
In dulcet notes bewails her fate,
And murmurs for her absent mate;
Inspir'd by Sympathy divine,
I'll weep her woes—for they are mine.
Driven by my Fate, where'er I go
O'er burning plains, o'er hills of snow,
Or on the bosom of the wave,
The howling tempest doom'd to brave,
Where'er my lonely course I bend
Thy image shall my steps attend;
Each object I am doom'd to see
Shall bid remembrance turn to Thee.

Yes; I shall view thee in each Flow'r,
That changes with the transient hour:
Thy wand'ring Fancy I shall find
Borne on the wings of every wind:
Thy wild impetuous passions trace
O'er the white wave's tempestuous space:
In every changing season prove
An emblem of thy wav'ring Love.

Torn from my country, friends, and you,
The World lies open to my view;
New objects shall my mind engage;
I will explore th' historic page;
Sweet Poetry shall soothe my soul;
Philosophy each pang controul:
The Muse I'll seek, her lambent fire
My soul's quick senses shall inspire;
With finer nerves my heart shall beat,
Touch'd by Heaven's own Promethean heat;
ITALIA's gales shall bear my song
In soft-link'd notes her woods among;
Upon the blue hill's misty side,
Thro' trackless desarts waste and wide,
O'er craggy rocks, whose torrents flow
Upon the silver sands below.
Sweet Land of Melody! 'tis thine
The softest passions to refine;

Thy myrtle groves, thy melting strains,
Shall harmonize and sooth my pains.
Nor will I cast one thought behind
On Foes relentless, Friends unkind;
I feel, I feel their poison'd dart
Pierce the life-nerve within my heart;
'Tis mingled with the vital heat,
That bids my throbbing pulses beat;
Soon shall that vital heat be o'er,
Those throbbing pulses beat no more!
No—I will breathe the spicy gale;
Plunge the clear stream, new health exhale;
O'er my pale cheek diffuse the rose,
And drink OBLIVION to my woes.

PASTORAL STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

When Aurora's soft blushes o'erspread the blue hill,
And the mist dies away at the glances of morn;
When the birds join the music that floats on the rill,
And the beauties of spring the young woodlands adorn;

To breathe the pure air and enliven my soul,
I bound from my cottage exulting and gay;
No care to molest me, no pow'r to controul,
I sport with my lambkins, as thoughtless as they.

Yet the bright tear of pity bedews my fond eyes,
When I think that for MAN the dear victims must fall,
While Nature such stores of provision supplies,
And the bounties of Heaven are common to all.

Ah! tell me, Reflection, why custom decreed
That the sweet feather'd songsters so slaughter'd should be?
For the board of the rich the poor minstrels may bleed,
But the fruits of the field are sufficient for me.

When I view the proud palace, so pompously gay,
Whose high gilded turrets peep over the trees;
I pity its greatness and mournfully say,
Can mortals delight in such trifles as these!

Can a pillow of down sooth the woe-stricken mind,
Can the sweets of Arabia calm sickness and pain;
Can fetters of gold Love's true votaries bind,
Or the gems of Peru Time's light pinions restrain?

Can those limbs which bow down beneath sorrow and age,
From the floss of the silk-worm fresh vigour receive;
Can the pomp of the proud death's grim tyrant assuage,
Can it teach you to die, or instruct you to live?

Ah no! then sweet PEACE, lovely offspring of
Heav'n,
Come dwell in my cottage, thy handmaid I'll be;
Thus my youth shall pass on, unmolested and
even,
And the winter of age be enliven'd by thee!

Written on seeing a Rose still blooming at a Cottage Door on Egham Hill, the 25th of October, 1800.

WHY dost thou linger still, sweet flow'r?
Why yet remain, thy leaves to flaunt?
This is for thee no fost'ring hour—
The cold wind blows,
And many a chilling, ruthless show'r
Will now assail thee, beauteous rose!

Around thee hardy trees may shew
Their verdant branches later still;
But thy soft blushes, taught to glow
For Summer's day,
Must, when the wint'ry tempests blow,
Like BEAUTY's cheek, fade fast away.

YOUTH's glowing emblem! wherefore stay
And waste thy balmy breath around?
This is for thee a killing day—
Then wherefore here
Waste thy sweet life in sighs away,
Bath'd with chill Winter's frozen tear?

Thou emblemest the beauteous MIND
  Thrown on Oblivion's gloomy scene:
Unheeded, with the wild weeds twin'd,
    Thou here art plac'd—
THOU, whom by Nature's hand design'd,
Might'st Beauty's breast have proudly grac'd.

Sweet ROSE! methinks I hear thee say—
  I might have tasted Beauty's smile;
Have bask'd beneath blue-eye's ray,
    And sank in death!
Short would have been my glowing day,
And transient pass'd my fleeting breath.

I might have bound the golden hair,
  Whose folds luxuriant wave and glow
Round YOUTH's unfurrow'd forehead fair!
    But one short day
Had seen my beauties rich and rare
Droop and for ever fade away!

Here the poor hovel still displays
  My ling'ring form, while other flow'rs
Long since have seen their sunny days,
    And shed their sweets;
Yet here my bosom morning's rays
And morning's tear unvanquish'd meets.

Then happier far the lowly Cot
Where Nature's modest children reign,
Than e'en ambition's loftier lot;
For wealth and pow'r,
In blank oblivion's gloom forgot,
Soon move but the phantoms of a summer hour.

LINES

WRITTEN BY THE SIDE OF A RIVER.

FLow soft RIVER, gently stray,
Still a silent waving tide
O'er thy glitt'ring carpet glide,
While I chaunt my roundelay,
As I gather from thy bank,
Shelter'd by the poplar dank,
King-cups, deck'd in golden pride,
Harebells sweet, and "daisies pied;"
While beneath the evening sky
Soft the western breezes fly.
Gentle River, should'st thou be
Touch'd with mournful sympathy,
When reflection tells my soul
Winter's icy breath shall quell
Thy sweet bosom's graceful swell,
And thy dimpling course controul
Should a crystal tear of mine,
Fall upon thy lucid breast,
Oh receive the trembling guest,
For 'tis Pity's drop divine!

Gentle Zephyr, softly play,
Shake thy dewy wings around,
Sprinkle odours o'er the ground,
While I chaunt my Roundelay.
While the woodbine's mingling shade
Veils my pensive, drooping head,
Fan, oh fan, the busy gale,
That rudely wantons round my cheek,
Where the tear of suff'rance meek
Glitters on the Lily pale:
Ah! no more the damask Rose
There in crimson lustre glows;
Thirsty fevers from my lip
Dare the ruddy drops to sip;
Deep within my burning heart
Sorrow plants an icy dart,
From whose point the soft tears flow,
Melting in the vivid glow;
Gentle Zephyr, should'st thou be
Touch'd with tender sympathy
When reflection calls to mind
The bleak and desolating wind
That soon thy silken wing shall tear,
And waft it on the freezing air;
Zephyr, should a tender sigh
To thy balmy bosom fly,

Oh! receive the flutt'ring thing,
Place it on thy filmy wing,
Bear it to its native sky,
For 'tis Pity's softest sigh.

O'er the golden lids of day
Steals a veil of sober grey;
While the flow'rets sink to rest
On the moist earth's glitt'ring breast;
Homeward now I'll bend my way,
And chaunt my plaintive Roundelay.

MORNING.

O'ER fallow plains and fertile meads
AURORA lifts the torch of day;
The shad'wy brow of Night recedes,
Cold dew-drops fall from every spray;
Now o'er the thistle's rugged head
Thin veils of filmy vapour fly,
On ev'ry violet's perfum'd bed
The sparkling gems of Nature lie.

The hill's tall brow is crown'd with gold,
The milk-maid trills her jocund lay,
The Shepherd-boy unpens his fold,
The Lambs along the meadows play;
The pilf'ring Lark, with speckled breast,
From the ripe sheaf's rich banquet flies;
And lifting high his plumy crest,
Soars the proud tenant of the skies.

The Peasant steals with timid feet,
And gently taps the cottage door;
Or on the green sod takes his seat,
And chaunts some well-known ditty o'er;
Wak'd by the strain, the blushing Maid,
Unpractis'd in Love's mazy wiles,
In clean, but homely garb array'd,
From the small casement peeps—and smiles.

Proud Chanticleer unfolds his wing,
And flutt'ring struts in plumage gay;
The glades with vocal echoes ring,
Soft odours deck the hawthorn spray;
The School-boy saunters o'er the green,
With satchel fill'd with Learning's store;
While with dejected, sullen mien,
He cons his tedious lesson o'er.

When Winter spreads her banner chill,
And sweeps the vale with freezing pow'r,
And binds in spells the vagrant rill,
And shrivels ev'ry ling'ring flow'r;
When Nature quits her verdant dress,
And drops to earth her icy tears,
E'en then thy tardy glance can bless,
And soft thy weeping eye appears.

Then at the Horn's enliv'ning peal,
Keen Sportsmen for the chase prepare;
Thro' the young copse shrill echoes steal,
Swift flies the tim'rous, panting hare;
From ev'ry straw-thatch'd cottage soars
Blue curling smoke in many a cloud;
Around the barn's expanded doors
The feather'd throng impatient crowd.

Such are thy charms, health-breathing scene!
Where Nature's children revel gay;
Where Plenty smiles with radiant mien,
And Labour crowns the circling day;
Where Peace, in conscious Virtue blest,
Invites the Heart to joy supreme;
While polish'd Splendour pants for rest,
And pine's in Fashion's fev'rish dream.

STANZAS TO TIME.

Capricious foe to human joy,
Still varying with the fleeting day;
With thee the purest raptures cloy,
The fairest prospects fade away;
Nor worth, nor pow'r thy wings can bind,
All earthly pleasures fly with thee;
Inconstant as the wav'ring wind
That plays upon the summer sea.

I court thee not, ungentle guest,
For I have e'er been doom'd to find
Life's gayest hours but idly drest
With sweets that pall the sick'ning mind:
When smiling Hope, with placid mien,
Around my couch did fondly play,
Too oft thy aëry form I've seen,
On downy pinions glide away.

But when perplex'd with pain or care,
My couch with thorns was scatter'd round;
When the pale priestess of Despair
My mind in fatal spells had bound;
When the dull hours no joy could bring,
No bliss my weary fancy prove,
I mark'd thy leaden pond'rous wing,
With tardy pace, unkindly move.

If such thy gifts, O Time! for thee
My sated heart shall ne'er repine;
I bow content to Fate's decree,
And with thy thorns thy roses twine;
Yet ere thy fickle reign shall end,
The balmy sweets of Friendship's hour
I'll with my cup of sorrow blend,
And smile, regardless of thy pow'r.

" Cannot my favouring power prolong
The lovely lesson of thy song;
Cannot I deck thy bust with bays,
And lift thee to immortal praise?
Then check, sweet Nymph, that angry rhyme,
That wounds thy fond adorer—TIME."

ORACLE,
March 13, 1790.

THE REPLY TO TIME.

O TIME! forgive the mournful song
That on thy pinions stole along,
When the rude hand of pain severe
Chas'd down my cheek the burning tear;
When sorrow chill'd each warm desire
That kindles Fancy's lambent fire;
When Hope, by fost'ring Friendship rear'd,
A phantom of the brain appear'd;
Forgive the song, devoid of art,
That stole spontaneous from my heart;
For when that heart shall throb no more,
And all its keen regrets be o'er,

Should kind remembrance shed one tear
To sacred Friendship o'er my bier,
When the dark precincts of the tomb
Shall hide me in its deepest gloom;
O! should'st thou on thy wafting wing
The sigh of gentle sorrow bring,
Or fondly deign to bear the name
Of one, alas! unknown to fame,
Then shall my weak untutor'd rhyme
Exulting boast the gifts of TIME.

But while I feel youth's vivid fire,
Fann'd by the breath of care, expire;
While no blest ray of Hope divine
O'er my chill'd bosom deigns to shine;
While doom'd to mark the vapid day
In tasteless languor waste away;
Still, still, my sad and plaintive rhyme
Must blame the ruthless pow'r of TIME.

Each infant flow'r of rainbow hue,
That bathes its head in morning dew,
At twilight droops; the mountain Pine,
Whose high and waving brows incline
O'er the white cat'racts foamy way,
Shall at thy withering touch decay!
The craggy cliffs that proudly rise
In awful splendour 'midst the skies

Shall to the vale in fragments roll,
Obedient to thy fell controul!
The loftiest fabric rear'd to fame,
The sculptur'd Bust, the Poet's name;
The softest tint of TITIAN die,
The boast of magic Minstrelsy;
The vows to holy Friendship dear,
The sainted smile of Love sincere;
The flame that warms th' empassion'd heart,
All that fine feeling can impart;
The wonders of exterior grace,
The spells that bind the fairest face,
Fade in oblivion's torpid hour
The victims of thy TYRANT POW'R!

TO SIMPLICITY.

Sweet blushing Nymph, who loves to dwell
In the dark forest's silent gloom;
Who smiles within the Hermit's cell,
And sighs upon the rustic's tomb;
Who, pitying, sees the busy throng,
The slaves of fashion's giddy sway;
And in a wild and artless song
Warbles the feath'ry hours away.

Oft have I flown thy steps to trace
In the low valley's still retreat,
Oft have I view'd thy blooming face
In the small cottage, proudly neat:
I've seen thee veil'd in vestal lawn,
In the cold cloyster's hallow'd shade;
I've seen thee at the peep of dawn,
In simple russet garb array'd.

I've seen thee, crown'd with April flow'rs,
Light bounding o'er the rural mead;
I've heard thee in sequester'd bow'rs
Sing to the Shepherd's past'ral reed;
When pleasure led the nymphs along
In moonlight gambols o'er the green,
I've mark'd thee, fairest of the throng,
With modest eye and timid mien.

No more my eager gaze shall trace
Thy varying footsteps, blithe and free;
For what art thou but native grace,
Soft Beauty's child, Simplicity!
'Tis thine in every path to dwell
Where Truth and Innocence are seen,
In cottage low, or Hermit's cell,
Or splendid dome, or rural green.

The spotless Mind, the brow serene,
'Tis thine, enchanting Maid, to boast!
The sweet, benignant, humble mien,
And all that Virtue values most!
Thy blushes paint DUNCANNON's* cheek,
Thy light hand weaves her golden hair,
Around her form, thy charms I'll seek,
FOR ALL THE GRACES REVEL THERE!

* Now Countess of Besborough.

TO ABSENCE.

When from the craggy mountain's pathless steep,
Whose flinty brow hangs o'er the raging sea,
My wand'ring eye beholds the foamy deep,
I mark the restless surge—and think of Thee.
The curling waves, the passing breezes move,
Changing and treach'rous as the breath of Love;
The "sad similitude" awakes my smart,
And thy dear image twines about my heart.

When at the sober hour of sinking day
Exhausted Nature steals to soft repose,
When the hush'd linnet slumbers on the spray,
And scarce a Zephyr fans the drooping Rose;
I glance o'er scenes of bliss to friendship dear,
And at the fond remembrance drop a tear;
Nor can the balmy incense soothe my smart,
Still cureless sorrow preys upon my heart.

When the loud gambols of the village throng
Drown the lorn murmurs of the ring-dove's throat,
I think I hear thy fascinating song
Join the melodious minstrel's tuneful note;
My list'ning ear soon tells me—'tis not thee,
Nor thy lov'd song, nor thy soft minstrelsy;
In vain I turn away to hide my smart,
Thy dulcet numbers vibrate in my heart.

When with the Sylvan train I seek the grove,
Where May's soft breath diffuses incense round,
Where Venus smiles serene, and sportive Love
With thornless Roses spreads the fairy ground;
The voice of pleasure dies upon mine ear,
My conscious bosom sighs—Thou art not here!
Soft tears of fond regret reveal its smart,
And sorrow, restless sorrow, chills my heart.

When at my matin pray'rs I prostrate kneel,
And court Religion's aid to soothe my woe,
The meek-ey'd saint who pities what I feel
Forbids the sigh to heave, the tear to flow;
For ah! no vulgar passion fills my mind,
Calm Reason's hand illumes the flame refin'd,
All the pure feelings Friendship can impart
Live in the centre of my aching heart.

When at the still and solemn hour of night
I press my lonely couch to find repose,
Joyless I watch the pale moon's chilling light
Where thro' the mould'ring tow'r the north-wind blows;
My fev'rish lids no balmy slumbers own,
Still my sad bosom beats for thee alone;
Nor shall its aching fibres cease to smart
'Till DEATH's cold spell is twin'd about my heart.

" If haply, these wild simple flowers
To thee some lov'd Image convey;
Ah! me, then the neighbouring bowers
Yield none half so lovely as they."

CESARIO TO LAURA.

ORACLE,
Jan. 18, 1790.

TO CESARIO.*

CESARIO, thy lyre's dulcet measure
So sweetly, so tenderly flows,
That could my sad soul taste of pleasure,
Thy music would soften its woes.

But ah, gentle soother, where anguish
Takes root in the grief-stricken heart;
'Tis the triumph of sorrow to languish,
'Tis rapture to cherish the smart.

* Miss M. Vaughan, daughter of Thomas Vaughan, Esq., of Molesy Hurst, Surry.

The mind where pale Mis'ry sits brooding,
Repels the soft touch of repose;
Shrinks back when blest Reason intruding,
The balm of mild comfort bestows.

There is luxury oft in declining
What pity's kind motives impart,
And to bear hapless fate unrepining
Is the proudest delight of the heart.

Still, still shall thy lyre's gentle measure
In strains of pure melody flow,
While each heart beats with exquisite pleasure,
Save mine—the doom'd VICTIM OF WOE.

STANZAS.

THE savage hunter, who afar,
On some rude mountain's pathless height,
Sees in the west the twilight star
Just peering on the brow of night,
O'er cliffs of ice, or plains of snow,
Still bends his long and toilsome way,
And, as he tempts the famish'd foe,
Anticipates the joys of day.

For he, by Hope inspir'd, surveys
The moon's wan lustre gild the dome
That on some jutting point displays,
Oh! blest retreat! his cavern'd home:
Where, when the journeying sun shall fade,
And cold oblivion's reign return,
The torch of LOVE shall chear the shade,
And midst the frozen desart burn.

For LOVE can warm the shiv'ring breast,
And bid Siberian fierceness sigh;
Make flinty cayes the couch of rest,
And mark with joy the frowning sky.
But I, who taste no pleasing dreams
To smooth the paths of endless care,
Still darkness know 'midst sunny beams,
And find in bow'rs of bliss, Despair!

WRITTEN ON A FADED BOUQUET.

FAIR was this blushing ROSE of May,
And fresh it hail'd morn's breezy hour,
When ev'ry spangled leaf look'd gay,
Besprinkl'd with the twilight show'r;
When to its mossy buds, so sweet,
The Butterfly enamour'd flew,
And hov'ring o'er the fragrant treat,
Oft bath'd its silken leaves in dew.

Sweet was this PRIMROSE of the dale,
When on its native turf it grew;
And deck'd with charms this LILY pale,
And rich this VIOLET's purple hue.
This od'rous WOODBINE fill'd the grove
With musky gales of balmy pow'r,
When, with the myrtle interwove,
It hung luxuriant round my bow'r.

Ah, ROSE! forgive the hand severe
That snatch'd thee from thy scented bed,
Where, bow'd with many a pearly tear,
Thy widow'd partner droops its head.
And thou, sweet VIOLET, modest flow'r!
Oh! take my soft relenting sigh,
Nor stain the heart, whose glowing pow'r
With too much fondness bade thee die!

Sweet LILY, had I never gaz'd
With rapture on thy gentle form,
Thou might'st have died, unknown, unprais'd,
The victim of some ruthless storm!
Where fickle LOVE his altar rears,
Your tiny bells had learn'd to wave;
Or, sadly gem'd with kindred tears,
Had strown some hapless lover's grave.

Inconstant WOODBINE! wherefore rove,
With gadding stem, about my bow'r?
Why, with my darling myrtle wove,
In bold defiance mock my pow'r?
Why quit thy native garden fair,
To flaunt thy buds, thy odours fling,
And idly greet the passing air,
On ev'ry wanton zephyr's wing?

Oh! yet repine not, tho' stern Fate
  Hath nip'd thy leaves of varying hue,
Since all that's lovely, soon or late,
  Shall sicken, fade, and *die like you!*
The fire of youth, the port of age,
  Nor wisdom's voice, nor beauty's bloom,
Th' insatiate tyrant can assuage,
  Nor check the hand that seal'd your doom!

TO THE ASPIN TREE.

WHY tremble so, broad ASPIN TREE?
Why shake thy leaves unceasing?
At rest thou never seem'st to be;
For when the air is still and clear,
Or when the nipping gale increasing
Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,
Thou tremblest still, poor ASPIN TREE,
And never resting seem'st to be!

Beneath thy shade, at sultry noon,
I oft have sat deep musing,—
And oft I watch'd the rising moon
Above the dusky summit shine,
A placid light diffusing!
When all around, a calm divine,
The rest of NATURE seem'd to be,
Still did'st thou tremble, ASPIN TREE!

Hadst thou SENSATION, I should say
Thou wert like ME,—unchearly
Ordain'd to waste life's hour away,
Indignant at the vulgar crowd,
And doom'd to feel severely,
Scorning the dull, the base, the proud:
But thou art senseless, ASPIN TREE!
Then wherefore thus—a trembler be?

Who shall molest thee, shiv'ring tree?
Who shall thy branches sever?
The seasons change—and still to thee
Another Spring shall give its sweets,
And yet thou tremblest ever!
Each whisp'ring gale thy bosom meets,
As tho' it came to menace thee,
Oh! beauteous, trembling ASPIN TREE!

Had'st thou a *soul*, a sensate *mind*,
Well might thy branches quiver;
If round thy heart affliction twin'd,
To bid each fibre, torture rung,
Tremble and ach for ever!
Oh! then thy throbbing veins among
The stormy passions wild wou'd be,
And thou wou'dst tremble, ASPIN TREE.

Had'st thou e'er LOV'D, or ever felt
  Warm friendship's ardour glowing;
Had'st thou in pity learn'd to melt,
  Or to another's anguish gave
The tear, spontaneous flowing:
  Then, sighing might thy branches wave,
And many a gentle show'r from thee
Might fall in tears, sweet ASPIN TREE.

Had'st thou e'er known INGRATITUDE,
  Thou wou'dst have cause to tremble;
For in misfortune's tempest rude,
  The deadliest foe the heart can wound
Is he—WHO CAN DISSEMBLE!
  He who enthralls the willing mind,
And bids the captive bosom be
A trembler—like the ASPIN TREE.

PITY'S TEAR.

WHAT falls so sweet on Summer flow'rs
As Nature's blest refreshing show'rs?
What bids the bud its sweets exhale,
Like ev'ning's mild refreshing gale?
Yet sweeter—more delicious far,
And brighter than Hesperean star,
Decking the intellectual sphere,
Is Pity's meek and balmy tear.

What bids Despair her sorrows hide?
What checks Affliction's torturing tide?
What heals the wound of mental pain,
And calms the fev'rish throbbing brain?
What soothes the rage of jealous pride,
And makes the madd'ning pang subside?
Lulling to rest distrust and fear,
Soft PITY'S kind and holy tear!

Yet not THAT PITY form'd to give
A pang, which bids affliction live;
Not PITY that can taunting shew
Superior pride, untouch'd by woe!
Not PITY that, with haughty smile,
CONSOLES, and MURDERS ALL THE WHILE!
But PITY, which is formed to prove
The bonds of faith, the test of LOVE!

STANZAS

FROM THE NATURAL DAUGHTER.

UNHAPPY is the Pilgrim's lot
Who wanders o'er the desert heath,
By friends and by the world forgot,
Whose only hope depends on Death!
Yet may he smile when mem'ry shews
The tort'ring stings, the weary woes
Which forc'd his bosom to abide
The vulgar scorn of vulgar pride.

Forlorn is he who on the sand
Of some bleak isle his hovel rears,
Or shipwreck'd on the breezy strand,
The billows' deep'ning murmur hears.
Yet, when his aching eyes survey
The white sails gliding far away,
He feels he shall no more abide
The vulgar scorn of vulgar pride.

Sadly the exiled Trav'ller strays,
Benighted in some forest drear,
Where, by the paly star-light rays,
He sees no hut, no hovel, near.
The fire-ey'd wolf, which howls for prey,
Glares hideous in his briery way,
Yet he can smile—for he has borne
The sneers of pride and vulgar scorn.

Of all the ills the feeling mind
Is destin'd in this world to share;
Of pain and poverty combin'd,
Of Friendship's frown, or Love's despair;
Still reason arms the conscious soul,
And bids it ev'ry pang controul,
Save when the patient heart is tried
By vulgar scorn and vulgar pride.

Go, Wealth, and in the Hermit's cell
Behold that peace thou canst not have;
Go, Rank, and list the passing knell
That warns thee to oblivion's grave.
Go, Pow'r, and when the peasant's breast
Enjoys the balm of conscious rest,
Confess that Virtue can deride
The vulgar scorn of vulgar pride.

THE SORROWS OF MEMORY.

In vain to me the howling deep
  Stern Winter's awful reign discloses;
In vain shall Summer's zephyrs sleep
  On fragrant beds of budding roses;
To me, alike each scene appears,
  Since thou hast broke my heart, or nearly;
While Mem'ry writes in frequent tears
  That I have lov'd thee very dearly!

How many summers pass'd away,
  How many winters sad and dreary,
And still I taught thee to be gay
  Whene'er of life thy soul was weary;
When ling'ring sickness wrung thy breast,
  And bow'd thee to the earth, or nearly,
I strove to lull thy mind to rest—
  For then I lov'd thee, Oh! how dearly!

And tho' the flush of joy no more
Shall, o'er my cheek its lustre throwing,
Bid giddy fools that cheek adore,
And talk of passion—ever glowing;
Still to my mind should time impart
A charm to bid it feel sincerely,
Nor idly wound a breaking heart,
That lov'd long and lov'd thee dearly.

Could gold thy truant nature bind,
A faithful heart would still content me,
For oh! to keep that heart unkind,
I gave thee all that Fortune lent me!
In youth, when suitors round me press'd,
Who vow'd to love, and love sincerely;
When wealth could never charm my breast,
Tho' thou wert poor I lov'd thee dearly.

Seek not the fragile dreams of love,
Such fleeting phantoms will deceive thee;
They will but transient idols prove—
In wealth beguile, in sorrow leave thee.
Ah! dost thou hope the sordid mind
When thou art poor will feel sincerely?
Wilt thou in such that friendship find
Which warm'd the heart that lov'd thee dearly?

Tho' fickle passions cease to burn
For her so long thy bosom's treasure,
Ah! think that reason may return
When far from thee my steps I measure;
Say who will then thy conscience heal,
Or who shall bid thy heart beat cheerly?
Or from that heart the mem'ry steal
Of her who lov'd thee long and dearly?

When war shall rouze the brooding storm,
And horrors haunt thy thorny pillow;
When fancy shall present my form
Borne on the wild and restless billow;
Or where wilt thou an helpmate find
Whose pulse, like mine, shall throb sincerely?
Or who thy heart in spells shall bind
When hers is broke that lov'd thee dearly?

I will not court thy fickle love
Soon shall our fates and fortunes sever;
Far from thy scorn will I remove,
And smiling, sigh adieu for ever!
Give to the sordid fiend thy days,
Still trust that they will act sincerely,
And when the specious mask decays,
Lament the heart that lov'd thee dearly!

For Time will swiftly journey on,
And Age and Sickness haste to meet thee;
Friends prov'd deceitful—will be gone
When they no more with smiles can cheat thee.
Then wilt thou seek in vain to find
A faithful heart that beats sincerely;
A passion cent'ring in a mind
Which, scorning int'rest, lov'd thee dearly.

When in the grave this heart shall sleep,
No soothing dream will bless thy slumber,
For thou perchance may'st wake to weep,
And with remorse my sorrows number!
My shade will haunt thy aching eyes,
My voice in whispers tell thee clearly
How cold at last that bosom lies
WHICH LOV'D thee LONG, and LOV'D thee DEARLY!

TO THE MOLE.

THOU creep'st in darkness, busy thing!
The progress of the brightest day
To thee can nothing chearful bring,
No soul-expanding ray!
For, ever lab'ring, ever dreary,
Thou never feel'st of sweet delight
That ONE, the *proudest sense*, which cheary
Scatters the sullen mist of night!

Thou can'st not SEE thy mazy way,
Slow yielding to thy gloomy toils;
Thou find'st no brightly smiling ray
Give pleasure as it smiles!
Thou know'st not, when thy task pursuing,
Where that dull task will end;
Or when, to work thy own undoing,
Thou bid'st the fairy hill ascend.

And yet, poor, blind, incautious MOLE,
What am *I*, more refined than THEE?
Tis true I own a sensate SOUL,
And all around I SEE!
But do I 'scape the snare that, waiting,
Crosses my dreary way?
Or, for myself an home creating,
Smooth busy life's precarious way?

Do I not toil! and toil like THEE,
Unknowing where that toil will end?
Do I not *blindly* seek to be
Of foes, unseen, the friend?
Can human wisdom shun the ruin
Which lurks my life to snare?
And still, the passions wild subduing,
Defy the bidden shaft of care?

Do I presume to scan the POW'R,
Which bids me, ever reasoning, try
To buffet with the stormy hour,
'Till Fate shall bid me die?
Do I, my future being knowing,
Trace what I then shall be;
Or, while this fervid heart is glowing,
Its long and freezing hour foresee?

TO THE WILD BROOK.

UNHEEDED emblem of the mind!
When weeping twilight's shadows close,
I wander where thy mazes wind,
And watch thy current as it flows:
Now dimpling, silent, calm, and even;
Now brawling, as in anger driv'n;
Now ruffled, foaming, madly wild,
Like the vex'd sense of Sorrow's hopeless child!

Beside thy surface now I see,
Reflected in thy placid breast,
Flush'd summer's painted progeny,
In smiles and sweets redundant drest:
They flaunt their forms of varying dye,
To greet thee as thou passest by;
And, bending, sip thy ample wave,
And in its lucid lapse their blushing bosoms lave.

While on thy tranquil breast appears
No freezing gale, no passing storm,
The sunbeam's vivid lustre chears,
And seems thy silv'ry bed to warm;
The thronging birds, with am'rous play,
Sweep with their wings thy glitt'ring way;
And o'er thy banks fond zephyr blows,
To dress with sweets the smallest flow'r that grows.

But when destroying blasts arise,
And clouds o'ershade thy with'ring bounds;
When swift the eddying foliage flies,
And loud the ruthless torrent sounds:
Thy dripling charms are seen no more,
Thy minstrel's caroll'd praise is o'er;
While not a flowret, sunny-drest,
Courts the chill'd current of thy alter'd breast.

Such is the human mind:—serene
When Fortune's glowing hour appears;
And lovely as thy margin green
Are buds of Hope, which Fancy rears:
Then ADULATION, like the flow'r,
Bends as it greets us on our way;
But, in the dark and stormy hour,
Leaves us, unmark'd, *to trace our* TROUBLED WAY.

STANZAS.

HARK! 'tis the merry bells that ring
On yonder upland sunny green;
Their sounds to mournful mem'ry bring
The blissful days and hours I've seen:
Their swelling changes die away,
So did my heart's best love decay!

Hark! 'tis the Beetle flitting round,
O'er yonder hawthorn fresh and sweet;
Once could I mock the drowsy sound,
With HENRY on the greensward seat:
But now I weep to hear its tone,
For, O! my heart's true love is flown!

Hark! 'tis the Raven's dismal croak,
My boding breast is chill'd with fear!
Yet once beneath yon spreading oak
The bird of woe I smil'd to hear:
For Love and Fancy chear'd the gloom,
Where now the turf is HENRY's tomb!

Come, pale-cheek'd Vestal of the night,
And spangle the long grass with dew;
Deck the tall woods with silv'ry light,
And buds of fragrant flow'rets strew;
While Love in secret sorrow hies
To guard the grave—where HENRY lies!

There will I lay me down forlorn,
And close my weeping eyes, and die!
And when the smiling blushing morn
Shall rush along the eastern sky,
There shall the thronging village see,
To part no more, my love and me!

STANZAS

FROM THE NATURAL DAUGHTER.

'Tis night! and o'er the barren plain
The weary wand'rer bends his way;
While on his path the silv'ry ray
Soothes him with hope that he shall see
The moony shadows quickly flee,
And morn return again.

The blast blows nipping on his breast,
Swift flies the wild and foamy stream;
Yet Hope presents a feeble gleam,
That ere day rises he shall close
His weary lids in soft repose
Upon a bed of rest.

The moon is dim, by clouds o'ercast,
Loud roars the torrent down the vale;
The wand'rer's cheek is cold and pale,
He hears the owl with boding cry
Across the dreary desart fly,
He starts, and stops aghast!

And now in haste, with dumb despair,
O'er bush and brier he bends his way;
No cottage taper's length'ning ray
Gleams faint across the barren heath,
He trembles, sighs, and thinks of death,
And breathes a timid pray'r.

And now the dawn is rising fast,
Soft flies the fresh and chearing gale;
The red'ning clouds on light wings sail,
The dew begems the fragrant heath:
No more he starts or thinks of death,
Or sighs for sorrows past.

So, through life's journey we descry
Man gay or sad; he weeps or smiles
As cares annoy, or hope beguiles:
Then blest are those who wisely say,
"We will enjoy the present day,—
To-morrow we may die!"

STANZAS ON MAY 1799.

Sweet May! once the parent of love, we behold
Sighing sad for her verdant array;
While the glow of her bosom is check'd by the cold,
And her tears tremble still on the spray.

Say, Nature! O why is this change so severe?
Why does Spring wear so chilling a frown?
Why does noon still present unabsorb'd morning's tear,
Why does May still expect its green gown?

Is love grown so cold, does the bosom no more
Glow with ardour to greet thee, sweet May?
Is the smile and the frolic of youth ever o'er,
And extinct the bright torch of thy day?

Alas! all is chang'd; the fine feelings subside,
'Tis the triumph of Apathy cold!
Affection is driv'n from the bosom of pride,
And the fiend that expels her—is Gold!

Sour Interest keeps her aloof, while no more
Soft Philanthropy smiles on Despair;
Tho' Profusion and Folly wide scatter their store,
For the dull and the vicious to share.

All Nature is alter'd; her energies now
Shall no more in our vallies prevail;
No swain on our mountains repeats his soft vow,
And no damsel breathes love with the gale.

War teaches the bosom of Nature to sigh,
While she gazes with anguish around,
While the tear of Religion falls fast from her eye,
And each morn blushes deep on her wound.

O May! let thy smiles and thy graces return,
Let thy breath Nature's treasures inclose;
Let her tears on thy flow'rets embellish the urn
Where the ashes of valour repose.

Let the revels of Pride and of Folly be o'er,
Give to Merit the prodigal feast;
And let Pity the haunts of the wretched explore,
Till the portion of pain be decreas'd.

And let Wealth to the mansions of Sorrow repair,
With its weeds the sweet olive entwine;
With the sigh of Regret fan the breast of Despair,
And the wreath of false splendour resign.

STANZAS.

As o'er the world, by sorrow prest,
I wander sad and weary,
In hopes to find a place of rest
From scenes forlorn and dreary;
Where'er I go, I'm doom'd to trace,
If fortune smiles, the smiling face;
But if she frowns, I'm sure to see
All frown on me!

When morning blushes through her tears,
And Nature flaunts her treasures,
How gaudy ev'ry path appears!
How rich in boundless pleasures!
But if the dawn, in misty gloom,
Still veils the flow'ret's vivid bloom,
Now droops in shade the loftiest tree
That shelter'd me!

Nor truth nor feeling can insure
The friend that's ever smiling;
Worth cannot worldly mis'ry cure,
Its darkest hours beguiling.
This heart, which owns the purest flame,
Must patient bend, nor dare to blame,
Since fortune's frown the fates decree
To follow me!

Thus all things light or dark appear,
As fortune cheers or saddens;
For time flies slow when grief is near,
But swift when transport gladdens.
Youth is a transient summer dream,
Where visions gay and flitting seem;
But Time and Reason wake to see
Them fade like me!

O! come, capricious Fortune blind,
Subdue this bosom's feeling;
Make dim the fire that warms my mind,
Thence all its fervour stealing.
Teach me the sordid servile art
To dress in low disguise the heart,
Then ev'ry face shall gentle be,
And smile on me!

STANZAS

Supposed to be written near a Tree, over the Grave of

AN OFFICER,

Who was killed at Lincelles, in Flanders, in August 1793.

Ah! pensive trav'ller, if thy tear
E'er fell on valour's early grave,
Arrest thy wand'ring steps, and here
Lament the lot that waits the brave!

Here let the moralist descry
The proudest tomb that man can claim,
The glorious bed where heroes lie
Who perish'd for their country's fame.

Here bind the laurel, steep'd in tears,
Tears that in glowing youth he died,
Blest with each charm that most endears,
His kindred's hope, his nation's pride!

Oh! hallow'd turf! some silent spot,
  Adorn'd with sorrow's gem sublime,
E'en when the Muse shall be forgot,
  Thy fame shall brave the blasts of time!

And thou, rude bark, preserve his name,
  Carv'd by some just recording hand;
And, proudly conscious of that fame,
  Thy guardian branches wide expand.

Keep from this sod the pattering rain,
  The wintry wind, the drifted snow;
And when blithe Summer paints the plain,
  Here let the sweetest flow'rets blow.

No trophied column trimm'd with bays,
  No gilded tablet bears his name;
A soldier boasts superior praise,
  A grateful country guards his fame.

LINES TO MARIA,

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER.

Written on her Birth-Day, Oct. 18, 1793.

To paint the lust'rous streaks of morn,
Along the pale horizon borne,
When from AURORA's opening eye
Effulgent glory gilds the sky;
Or yet a softer theme to sing
Of purple evening's humid wing;
To trace the crystal car of night
Along the plains of starry light,
Where the chaste Goddess bends her way,
Diffusing round a trembling ray;—
No more shall charm my pensive Muse,
With transient forms, or varying hues:
This hour my tenderer task shall be,
Sweet darling Maid, to sing of thee!

Attend my strain, and while I blend
The Guardian, Parent, Poet, Friend,

Believe, as each my verse shall prove,
A picture fraught with truth and love,
And every candid line impart
The feelings of a Mother's heart!

Oh! form'd to soothe the wounds of Fate,
Dear solace of my mournful state!
Thou, only blessing Heav'n bestows
To shed meek Patience on my woes!
Know—that in life's disast'rous scene,
Whate'er my chequer'd lot has been,
No hour was yet so dear to me
As that blest hour which gave me THEE!

From infant sweetness still I've trac'd
Thy mind, with ev'ry virtue grac'd;
Still have I mark'd Time's ceaseless wing
Some new endearing treasure bring;
While Hope, soft-whisp'ring, bid me gaze
On bright'ning scenes of distant days,
When, more matur'd, these doating eyes
Should see the lovelier woman rise,
Adorn'd with all the modest grace
That beam'd about thy infant face;
Yet with a mind more passing fair
Than all that Nature pictur'd there!

With such a mind, so richly stor'd,
Still may'st thou live, admir'd, ador'd!
Through life enjoy the bliss divine
That waits on innocence like thine!
Still greet the morn with conscious smile,
With tranquil scenes the hours beguile;
And, when the busy day shall close,
Still find a couch of sweet repose!

For me, so long ordain'd to trace
O'er life's dark wild a thorny space—
Still ev'ry sorrow doom'd to share,
Still shall my heart those sorrows bear,
Nor will I mourn at Fate's decree,
If Heav'n, in pity, spares me THEE!

THE PILGRIM's FAREWELL.

FROM THE ROMANCE OF VANCENZA*.

O'ER desarts untrodden, o'er moss-cover'd hills,
I have wander'd forlorn and alone;
My tears I have mingled with slow-winding rills,
And the valleys have echo'd my groan!

I have seen the wan Moon from her silver veil peep,
As she rose from her cloud-dappled bed;
I have heard the dread hurricane yell 'midst the deep,
As the lightnings play'd over my head!

When the tempest subsided I saw the faint dawn
O'er the eastern hill meekly appear;
While each King-cup that droop'd on the dew-shining lawn
From its golden lids dropp'd a soft tear.

* Only in the third, fourth, and fifth Editions.

I have seen the bright day-star illumine the earth,
I have hail'd the proud sov'reign of fire;
I have smil'd on the primrose just waken'd to birth,
I have sigh'd—to behold it expire!

How oft have I pitied the plaint of the dove,
How I've mus'd near the nightingale's nest!
For, alas! when the mourner sings sweetly of Love,
'Tis soft sympathy thrills through my breast.

I have seen the tall forest o'ershadow the glade,
And extend its broad branches on high;
But how soon have I mark'd its rich canopy fade,
And its yellow leaves whirl'd to the sky!

I have sigh'd o'er the sod where some Lover was laid;
I have torn the rude weeds from his breast;
I have deck'd it with flow'rets; and oft I have said,
"How I envy thy pallet of REST!"

I have trac'd the long shades o'er the wave's silky green,
When the storm gather'd over the main;
I have gaz'd with delight on the landscape serene
When the evening-bell toll'd on the plain.

Exulting and gay, I have smil'd to behold
Proud Nature luxuriantly drest;
I have wept when I saw her uncover'd and cold,
And the winter-blast howl'd o'er her breast.

Since such are the scenes of this journey of Care,
Since each pleasure is mingled with pain,
Still let me the raptures of Sympathy share,
And my bosom shall scorn to complain.

Though destin'd to wander o'er mountains of snow,
VANCENZA! O mansion divine!
Thy Pilgrim shall smile at his journey of woe,
And his heart, his warm heart shall be thine!

STANZAS

Written on the 14th of February,

TO MY ONCE DEAR VALENTINE.

COME, Hope, and sweep the trembling string;
Drop from thy pinions balm divine;
While, drooping o'er my lyre, I sing
The graces of my VALENTINE.
Ah! Graces, fatal to my peace,
Why round my heart your mischiefs twine?
Say, barb'rous Love, can aught increase
The triumphs of my VALENTINE?

No more about my auburn hair
The sparkling gems shall proudly vie;
The cypress, emblem of Despair,
Shall there a faded chaplet die.
Young dimpled Pleasure quits my breast
To seek some gaudier bow'r than mine,
Where low Caprice, by Fancy drest,
Enthrals my truant VALENTINE.

The frozen brook, the mountain snow,
The pearls that on the thistle shine,
The northern winds, that chilly blow,
Are emblems of my VALENTINE.
Pale Sorrow sheds the quiv'ring flame
That gleams on Truth's neglected shrine,
Fann'd by those sighs which still proclaim
How much I love thee, VALENTINE!

Whene'er the icy hand of Death
Shall grasp this sensate frame of mine,
On my cold lip the fleeting breath
Shall murmur still—"DEAR VALENTINE!"
Then o'er my grave, ah! drop one tear,
And sighing write this pensive line—
"A FAITHFUL HEART lies mould'ring here,
That well deserv'd ITS VALENTINE!"

STANZAS

INSCRIBED TO A ONCE DEAR FRIEND, WHEN CONFINED BY SEVERE INDISPOSITION, IN MARCH 1793.

Ye glades that just open to greet the blue sky,
All encircled with woodlands bespangled with dew,
From your borders, once cherish'd, disgusted I fly;
For your beauties are faded, and sadden'd your hue.

O! soft gliding river, whose banks I behold
Undelighted and mournful, no longer you please;
Nor the deep azure bells, nor the cowslips of gold,
Nor your smooth glassy bosom o'ershadow'd with trees.

Yon mountain, whose breezes enliven the soul,
Never more will I climb at the dawning of day;
Never more to the turf-cover'd meadows I'll stroll,
Or on beds of young primroses carol my lay.

For, glades, to your sod with my love I've retir'd
When the red beams were rushing the foliage among,
When the last glowing shadow of Evening expir'd,
And the rocks rung responsive to PHILOMEL's song.

And thou, lucid river, I've sat by thy side,
To behold his dear form in thy clear glassy breast,
When the Moon spread her light o'er thy soft rolling tide,
And the wise were content with the dulness of rest.

And thou, craggy mountain, where oft I have stray'd,
To behold from your summit the thatch of his cot;
Like the slow-winding river, the dew-spangled glade,
And the thick-woven woodlands—be ever forgot.

See! Nature is sadden'd by Sympathy's tears,
Since my Lover no longer enlivens the day;
And forlorn shall she be till her darling appears,
As the ROSE droops its head when the SUN FADES AWAY.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS RECOVERING FROM A LONG INDISPOSITION*, IN MAY, 1793.

Go, balmy gales, and tell LISARDO's ear,
That Health comes smiling on the wings of Morn;
Tell him, that sweet Repose approaches near,
To banish fev'rish Days, and Nights forlorn.

Brightly the Sun-beams on the mountains break,
And whisp'ring Zephyrs shake their wings around;
The Day-star steals away in lustre meek,
And spreading glories gild the dewy ground.

Exulting FLORA opes her varying hues;
The Valley smiles, the verdant Hills look gay;
From her abundant store Profusion strews
The buds and tints of rosy-bosom'd May.

The lofty woodlands wave their leafy heads,
To wake the plumy trav'llers of the air;
The low-born lilies, on their humid beds,
Expand their spotless bosoms, fresh and fair.

* During which the Author nursed him seven months incessantly.

Slow winds the brawling river through the vales;
Down the rough rock the roaring torrents flee,
The high-pois'd lark on floods of ether sails,
To greet the Lord of Light with songs of glee.

Soft is the perfume of Morn's beauteous breast,
And soft the murmurs of the insect train;
While Nature's hand, with pearly lustre drest,
Leads tip-toe Pleasure o'er the glitt'ring plain.

For thee, LISARDO, she unfolds her store,
For thee she weaves a garland, proudly gay;
Come then, my Friend, the lib'ral Nymph adore,
And own that Rapture is the child of May.

And while returning Health pervades each nerve,
As April Suns disperse the wintry gloom,
The sad rememb'rance of past "woe shall serve
For SWEET DISCOURSES in our TIME TO COME."

THE ADIEU TO FANCY.

INSCRIBED TO THE SAME.

When first I knew thee, Fancy's aid
A mine of peerless worth display'd,
A thousand graces hourly stole
In melting visions o'er my soul.

For Fancy guides the shaft of Love,
And bids fantastic visions move
In mystic mazes round the breast,
In Hope's delusive colours dress'd.

'Tis Fancy wings the Poet's thought,
With classic Taste sublimely fraught;
And bids the fount of Reason flow,
With smooth delight, or ruffled woe.

Full oft the gentle Sylph I've seen,
With soothing smile and sportive mien,
When, wand'ring to her fairy bow'rs,
She bound my grateful breast with flow'rs.

And oft with flatt'ring Hope she came
To twine a wreath of promis'd Fame;
Yet 'midst the laurel'd gift I found
Full many a thorn my breast to wound.

Oh! then she brought, my mind to calm,
Persuasive Friendship's soothing balm;
And Sympathy, with throbbing breast,
In Pity's specious semblance drest.

Yet Friendship's beauteous form I found
Would start aghast at Sorrow's wound;
And Sympathy's slow trickling tear
Would cease to flow when Grief was near.

Then let me own the tranquil scene,
The constant thought, the smile serene,
And know myself supremely blest!
DECEITFUL FANCY—TAKE THE REST!

THE MORALIST.

HARK! the hollow moaning wind
  Sweeps along the midnight air,
Sullen as the guilty mind;
  Hidden source of dark despair.

See the death-wing'd Lightning fly!
  Desolation marks its way;
Fatal as the vengeful Eye,
  Fixing on its destin'd prey.

Dreadful Thunders threat'ning roll,
  Viewless, 'midst the turbid clouds!
So the fierce relentless soul
  Hate's empoison'd arrow shrouds.

See the billowy Ocean's breast,
  Sway'd by ev'ry wav'ring wind,
Rises, foams, and sinks to rest,
  Fickle as the human mind!

Sweetly blooms the Rose of May,
  Glitt'ring with the tears of Morn;
So insidious Smiles betray,
  While they hide the treach'rous Thorn.

Mark gay Summer's glowing prime,
  Shadow'd by the twilight gloom;
So the ruthless wing of Time
  Bends the fairest to the Tomb.

MORALIST! where'er you move
  O'er vast Nature's varying plan,
Ev'ry changing scene shall prove
  A SAD EPITOME OF MAN!

STANZAS

TO MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

ON SEEING HER GATHER SOME PENSÉES.*

FORBEAR, rash Maid! thy hand restrain;
Nor with yon gentle victim stain
A breast so fair, so true!
Ah! think, the little harmless flow'r
Lives but a transient sunny hour,
Ere doom'd to fade like you.

Though silken cords around it twin'd,
One sad, short day, its stems may bind;
Vain is the harsh decree!
Its magic form no spell can hold;
Still shall it triumph uncontroul'd,
For Thoughts are ever free.

And if those Buds, so sweet, so fair,
Can 'scape the bold intruder's snare,
Their triumph should be thine;
For, like thy pure and tender heart,
They scorn the feeble aid of Art,
And glow with charms divine.

* *Pensée* is the French word for *thoughts*.

Then let soft Sympathy prevail;
No more the gentle leaves assail!
Ah! let them bloom their hour!
Take not what bounteous Nature gave,
But learn to cherish, and to save,
Then triumph in thy Pow'r!

STANZAS

WRITTEN AFTER SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS OF MELANCHOLY DREAMS.

YE airy Phantoms, by whose pow'r
Night's curtains spread a deeper shade;
Who, prowling in the murky hour,
The weary sense with spells invade;
Why round the fibres of my brain
Such desolating miseries fling,
And with new scenes of mental pain
Chase from my languid eye sleep's balm-dispensing wing?

Ah! why, when o'er the darken'd globe
All Nature's children sink to rest—
Why, wrapp'd in Horror's ghastly robe,
With shad'wy hand assail my breast?
Why conjure up a tribe forlorn,
To menace, where I bend my way?
Why round my pillow plant the thorn,
Or fix the Demons dire in terrible array?

Why, when the busy day is o'er—
A day, perhaps of *tender thought*—
Why bid my eager gaze explore
New prospects, with new anguish fraught?
Why bid my madd'ning sense descry
The Form in silence I adore?
His magic smile, his murd'rous eye!
Then bid me wake to prove the fond illusion o'er!

When, fev'rish with the throbs of pain,
And bath'd with many a trickling tear,
I close my cheated eyes again,
Despair's wild bands are hov'ring near:
Now borne upon the yelling blast,
O'er craggy Peaks I bend my flight;
Now on the yawning Ocean cast,
I plunge unfathom'd depths, amid the shades of night!

Or, borne upon the billows' Ire,
O'er the vast waste of waters drear,
Where shipwreck'd Mariners expire,
No friend their dying plaints to hear,
I view far off the craggy cliff,
Whose white top mingles with the skies;
While at its base the shatter'd Skiff,
Wash'd by the foaming wave, in many a fragment lies.

Oft, when the Morning's gaudy beams
My lattice gild with sparkling light,
O'erwhelm'd with agonizing dreams,
And bound in spells of fancied Night,
I start, convulsive, wild, distraught!
By some pale Murd'rer's poniard press'd,
Or by the grinning Phantom caught,
Wake from the madd'ning grasp with horror-freezing breast!

Then down my cold and pallid cheek
The mingling tears of joy and grief
The soul's tumultuous feeling speak,
And yield the struggling heart relief;
I smile to know the danger past,
But soon the radiant moment flies—
Soon is the transient Day o'ercast,
And hope steals trembling from my languid eyes!

If thus, for moments of repose,
Whole hours of mis'ry I must know;
If, when each sunny day shall close,
I must each gleam of peace forego!
If for one little morn of mirth,
This breast must feel long nights of pain,
Oh! Life, thy joys are nothing worth!
Then let me sink to rest—AND NEVER WAKE AGAIN!

THE MANIAC.

Ah! what art thou, whose eye-balls roll
Like Heralds of the wand'ring soul,
While down thy cheek the scalding torrents flow?
Why does that agonizing shriek
The mind's unpitied anguish speak?
O tell me, thing forlorn! and let me share thy woe.

Why dost thou rend thy matted hair,
And beat thy burning bosom bare?
Why is thy lip so parch'd, thy groan so deep?
Why dost thou fly from cheerful light,
And seek in caverns mid-day night,
And cherish thoughts untold, and banish gentle sleep?

Why dost thou from thy scanty bed
Tear the rude straw to crown thy head,
And nod with ghastly smile, and wildly sing?
While down thy pale distorted face
The crystal drops each other chase,
As though thy brain were drown'd in one eternal spring?

Why dost thou climb yon craggy steep,
That frowns upon the clam'rous deep,
And howl, responsive to the waves below?
Or on the margin of the rock
Thy Sov'reign Orb exulting mock,
And waste the freezing night in pacing to and fro?

Why dost thou strip the fairest bow'rs,
To dress thy scowling brow with flow'rs,
And fling thy tatter'd garment to the wind?
Why madly dart from cave to cave,
Now laugh and sing, then weep and rave,
And round thy naked limbs fantastic fragments bind?

Why dost thou drink the midnight dew,
Slow trickling from the baneful yew,
Stretch'd on a pallet of sepulchral stone;
While, in her solitary tow'r,
The Minstrel of the witching hour
Sits half congeal'd with fear, to hear thy dismal moan?

Thy form upon the cold earth cast,
Now grown familiar with the blast,
Defies the biting frost and scorching sun:
All Seasons are alike to thee;
Thy sense, unchain'd by Destiny,
Resists, with dauntless pride, all miseries but one!

Fix not thy steadfast gaze on me,
Shrunk atom of mortality!
Nor freeze my blood with thy distracted groan;
Ah! quickly turn those eyes away,
They fill my soul with dire dismay,
For dead and dark they seem, and almost chill'd to stone!

Yet, if thy scatter'd senses stray
Where Reason scorns to lend a ray,
Or if Despair supreme usurps her throne,
Oh! let me all thy sorrows know;
With thine my mingling tear shall flow,
And I will share thy pangs, and make thy griefs my own.

Hath Love unlock'd thy feeling breast,
And stol'n from thence the balm of rest?
Then far away on purple pinions borne,
Left only keen regret behind,
To tear with poison'd fangs thy mind,
While barb'rous Mem'ry lives, and bids thee hopeless mourn?

Does Fancy to thy straining arms
Give the false Nymph in all her charms,
And with her airy voice beguile thee so,
That Sorrow seems to pass away,
Till the blithe harbinger of day
Awakes thee from thy dream, and yields thee back to woe?

Say, have the bonds of Friendship fail'd,
Or jealous pangs thy mind assail'd;
While black Ingratitude, with rancrous tooth,
Pierc'd the fine fibres of thy heart,
And fest'ring every sensate part,
Dim'd with contagious breath the crimson glow of youth?

Or has stern Fate, with ruthless hand,
Dash'd on some wild untrodden strand
Thy little bark, with all thy fortunes fraught;
While thou didst watch the stormy night
Upon some bleak rock's fearful height,
Till thy hot brain consum'd with desolating thought?

Ah! wretch forlorn, perchance thy breast,
By the cold fangs of Avarice press'd,
Grew hard and torpid by her touch profane;
Till Famine pinch'd thee to the bone,
And mental torture made thee own
That thing the most accurs'd, who drags her endless chain!

Or say, does flush'd Ambition's wing
Around thy fev'rish temples fling
Dire incense, smoking from th' ensanguin'd plain,
That, drain'd from bleeding warriors' hearts,
Swift to thy shatter'd sense imparts
The victor's savage joy, that thrills through ev'ry vein?

Does not the murky gloom of night
Give to thy view some murd'rous sprite,
Whose poniard gleams along thy cell forlorn;
And when the Sun expands his ray,
Dost thou not shun the jocund day,
And mutter curses deep, and hate the ruddy Morn?

And yet the Morn on rosy wing
Could once to thee its raptures bring,
And Mirth's enliv'ning song delight thine ear;
While Hope thine eye-lids could unclose
From the sweet slumbers of repose,
To tell thee Love's gay throng of tender joys were near!

Or hast thou stung with poignant smart
The orphan's and the widow's heart,
And plung'd them in cold Poverty's abyss;
While Conscience, like a vulture, stole
To feed upon thy tortur'd soul,
And tear each barb'rous sense from transitory bliss?

Or hast thou seen some gentle maid,
By thy deluding voice betray'd,
Fade like a flow'r, slow with'ring with remorse?
And didst thou then refuse to save
Thy victim from an early grave,
Till at thy feet she lay a pale and ghastly corse?

Oh! tell me, tell me all thy pain;
Pour to mine ear thy frenzied strain,
And I will share thy pangs, and soothe thy woes!
Poor MANIAC! I will dry thy tears,
And bathe thy wounds, and calm thy fears,
And with soft Pity's balm enchant thee to repose.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S LAMENTATION,

IN HER PRISON OF THE TEMPLE.

Written in March 1793.

WHEN on my bosom Evening's ruby light
Thro' my thrice-grated window warmly glows,
Why does the cheerful ray offend my sight,
And with its lustre mock my weary woes?
Alas! because on my sad breast appears
A dreadful record—written with my tears!

When awful Midnight, with her ebon wand,
Charms Nature's poorest meanest child to peace,
Why cannot I one little hour command,
When gentle sleep may bid my anguish cease?
Alas! because, where'er I lay my head,
A dreary couch I find, with many a thorn o'erspread.

When the sun, rising in the eastern skies,
Awakes the feather'd race to songs divine,
Why does remembrance picture to these eyes
The jocund morn of life, that once was mine?
Alas! because, in sorrow doom'd to mourn,
I ne'er shall see that blissful morn return!

When I behold my darling infants sleep,
Fair spotless blossoms, deck'd in op'ning charms,
Why do I start aghast, and wildly weep,
And madly snatch them to my eager arms?
Ah me! because my sense, o'erwhelm'd with dread,
Views the sweet cherubs on their funeral bed!

Why, when they ope their eyes to gaze on me,
And fondly press me in their dear embrace,
Hang on my neck, or clasp my trembling knee,
Why do maternal sorrows drench my face?
Alas! because inhuman hands unite
To tear from my fond soul its last delight!

Oh, fell Barbarity! yet spare a while
The sacred treasures of my throbbing breast;
Oh, spare their infant hearts, untouch'd by guile,
And let a widow'd mother's darlings rest!
Though you have struck your faulchions at the root,
Oh, give the tender branches time to shoot!

The lightning, by the angry tempest cast,
Strikes at the lofty pine, and lays it low;
While the small flow'ret 'scapes the deadly blast,
A while its od'rous breath around to throw!
Then let distracted GALLIA's lilies bloom,
Tho' but to deck with sweets a dungeon's gloom!

O my poor innocents! all bath'd in tears,
Like with'ring flow'rets wash'd with chilling dew,
Sleep on, nor heed a frantic mother's fears:
The savage tigers will not injure you!
Your harmless bosoms not a crime can know,
Scarce born to greatness—ere consign'd to woe!

When left forlorn, dejected, and alone,
Imperfect sounds my pensive soul annoy;
I hear in every distant mingling tone
The merry bells—the boist'rous songs of joy!
Ah! then I contemplate my loathsome cell,
Where meagre grief and scowling horror dwell!

The rabble's din, the tocsin's fateful sound,
The cannon thund'ring thro' the vaulted sky,
The curling smoke, in columns rising round,
Which from my iron lattice I descry,
Rouse my lethargic mind! I shriek in vain,
My tyrant jailor only mocks my pain!

Yet bear thy woes, my soul, with proud disdain,
Meet the keen lance of Death with stedfast eye;
Think on the glorious tide that fills each vein,
And throbbing bids me tremble not, to die!
Yet, shall I from my friendless children part?
Oh, all the mother rushes to my heart!

Where'er I turn, a thousand ills appear,
Arm'd at all points, in terrible array:
Pale hood-wink'd murder ever lurking near,
And coward cruelty that shuns the day!
See, see, they pierce, with many a recreant sword,
The mangled bosom of my bleeding Lord!

Oh, dreadful thought! Oh, agony supreme!
When will the sanguinary scene be o'er?
When will my soul, in sweet Oblivion's dream,
Fade from this orb to some more peaceful shore?
When will the cherub Pity break the snare,
And snatch one victim from the last despair?

A FRAGMENT.

Supposed to be written near the Temple, at Paris, on the Night before the Execution of Louis XVI.

Now Midnight spreads her sable vest
With starry rays, light-tissu'd o'er;
Now from the desart's thistled breast
The chilling dews begin to soar;
The owl shrieks from the tott'ring tow'r,
Dread watch-bird of the witching hour!
Spectres, from their charnel cells,
Cleave the air with hideous yells!
Not a glow-worm ventures forth
To gild his little speck of earth!
In wild despair Creation seems to wait,
While Horror stalks abroad, to deal the shafts of Fate!

To yonder damp and dreary cave,
From black Oblivion's silent wave,
Borne on Desolation's wings,
Death his poison'd chalice brings!

Wide beneath the turbid sky,
Fierce Rebellion's banners fly,
Sweeping to her iron den
The agonizing hearts of men!
There, in many a ghastly throng,
Blood-stain'd myriads glide along,
While each above his crest a faulchion rears,
Imbu'd with tepid gore, or drench'd with scalding
tears!

About yon tow'r, (whose grated cell
Entombs the fairest child of earth,
August in misery, as in birth)
The hosts of PANDIMONIUM dwell!
Night and day the fiends conspire
To glut their desolating ire:
Ire that feeds on human woe,
That smiling deals the murd'rous blow;
And as the hopeless victim dies,
Fills with shouts the threat'ning skies;
Nor trembles, lest the vengeful light'ning's glare
Should blast their recreant arms, and scatter them
to air!

Round the deep entrenchments stand
Bold Ambition's giant band;
Beneath, insidious Malice creeps,
And keen Revenge that never sleeps;

While dark Suspicion hovers near,
Stung by the dastard scorpion, Fear;
Reason, shrinking from her gaze,
Flies the scene in wild amaze;
While trembling Pity dies to see
The barb'rous sons of Anarchy
Drench their unnatural hands in human blood,
While patriot Virtue sinks beneath the whelming flood!

Hark! the petrifying shriek
Breaks from yonder turret bleak;
The lofty tower returns the sound,
Echoing through its base profound!
The rising moon, with paly light,
Faintly greets the aching sight
With many a gliding centinel,
Whose shadow would his steps repel;
Whose soul, convuls'd with conscious woe,
Pants for the morning's purple glow,
The purple glow that cheers his breast,
And gives his startled mind a short-liv'd hour of rest.

But when shall morn's effulgent light
The hapless sufferer's glance invite?
When shall the breath of rosy day
Around the infant victims play?

When will the vivifying orb
The tears of widow'd love absorb?
See, see, the palpitating breast,
By the weeping graces drest,
Now dumb with grief, now raving wild,
Bending o'er each with'ring child,
The only treasures spar'd by savage ire,
The fading shadows of their murder'd sire!

The seraph Hope, with transient light,
Illumes the dreary shade of night;
Suspends a while the frenzy'd shriek,
The slow-pac'd tear of suff'rance meek:
But soon the demon Wrath appears,
Who braves the touch of mortal fears;
His flaming sword, with hideous glare,
Proves the dire signal of Despair!
Retiring Hope beholds, subdu'd,
The fatal mandate sign'd with blood,
With kindred blood! Oh, horrible and base,
To stigmatize with shame a long illustrious race!

Oh, Fancy! spread thy powerful wing,
From Hell's polluted confines spring;
Quit, quit the cell where Madness lies,
With wounded breast, and starting eyes!
The ruthless fiends have done their worst,
They triumph in the deed accurs'd.

See, her veil Oblivion throws
O'er the last of human woes!
Life's curtain falls with many a crimson stain,
Closing from every eye the scene of pain,
While from afar the war-song dins the ear,
And drowns the dying groan, which angels weep
to hear.

INVOCATION TO OBERON,

Written on the Recovery of my Daughter from Inoculation.

LIGHTLY on the breath of morn
See the shades of twilight borne;
See the sun, in splendour drest,
Lifting high his flaming crest!
Earth receives him bath'd in tears,
Sprinkled from the starry spheres,
When the chilly pale-fac'd moon
Journey'd to her shad'wy noon!

Hark! a plaintive voice I hear,
Whisp'ring to my pensive ear:
"OBERON," it seems to say,
"Gentle Fairy, haste away;
Haste on Health's ambrosial wing,
Freshest dews of morning bring,
Balmy breezes, such as spread
HEBE's cheek with glowing red;
Such as in HELVETIA's bow'rs
Gently fan the Austral show'rs!

" Swift as thought, dear Spirit, fly,
Wake to joy my darling's eye!
Now with perfumes bathe her breast,
Now compose her pangs to rest;
Haste, exert thy magic pow'r,
Danger lurks in ev'ry hour!"

From the Tulip's ample dome,
Anxious mourner, see, I come!
Now behold my filmy vest,
Gay with gaudy Cowslips drest!
See the King-cup's burnish'd bell
Half my dainty brows conceal;
See my acorn goblet fill'd
With drops of Ether, thrice distill'd;
Wings I've stol'n, of rainbow die,
From the vagrant Butterfly;
Myrtle leaves my sandals are,
Ty'd with strings of golden hair;
Flossy streamers fan the wind,
From the Silk-worm's web purloin'd,
Which the toiling insect wove
For the killing eyes of Love!
For the God, as mortals know,
Blindly twangs his fatal bow!

While I top the beacon's head;
While I skim o'er Ocean's bed,

Ere the Sun, with burning eye,
O'er the welkin's brow shall fly;
Or with fiery pinions sweep
Proudly down the western steep;
Or his burnish'd mantle fling
O'er the dauntless eagle's wing;
Ere upon the world below
Evening's crimson blushes glow,
Fair MARIA's fev'rish lip
Shall HYGEIA's balsam sip!

Many a verdant leaf I bear,
Gifted with perfections rare!
Stripp'd from roots of wond'rous pow'r,
When at midnight's silent hour
On the Zephyr's wings I sail,
Sweeping from the Primrose pale
Dew, that o'er its sickly face
Sheds a ray of sparkling grace.

Nor in these alone I find
Charms to heal the wounded mind:
From the Poppy I have ta'en
Mortal's balm, and mortal's bane!
Juice that, creeping through the heart,
Deadens ev'ry sense of smart;
Doom'd to heal, or doom'd to kill,
Fraught with good, or fraught with ill.

This I stole, when witches fell,
Busy o'er a murd'rous spell,
On the dark and barren plain,
Echo'd back the night-owl's strain!
While the winking stars withdrew,
Shock'd their horrid rites to view.

See, to crown the precious heap,
Drops, that modest Vi'lets weep,
When the rosy-bosom'd May
Rushes forth in colours gay,
Scatt'ring from her perfum'd wing
All the rival flow'rs of Spring!
Flow'rs that lift their haughty heads
High above their native beds,
Shading o'er the icy cheek
Of the fainting Snow-drop meek!

These shall sprinkle soothing balm,
Ev'ry throbbing pulse to calm!
Round MARIA's aching head
Soon the healing drops I'll shed:
When they reach her languid eye,
Soon the rending pang shall fly;
From her pale and alter'd face,
Health the sickly hue shall chase!
Health, that through the bosom flows,
And bathes the cheek—a living Rose!

Nor e'en then will I depart
From the gentle maiden's heart:
Fondly vigilant, I'll fly
O'er the earth, or through the sky;
Still with restless pinions sweep
O'er the terrors of the deep;
Or with wings of light'ning soar
High as Heav'n's star-spangl'd floor!
When the silent Queen of night,
Deck'd in silv'ry armour bright,
Seated in her shad'wy chair,
Sails, despotic, through the air!
Till the monarch of the sky
Bids the pale usurper fly,
While the wanton Sprites and Fays
Vanish from his potent gaze;
Till, to cheer the sportive train,
Witching Night returns again.

Yes, where'er the damsel strays
Through dull life's perplexing maze,
Watchful OBERON shall be
Guardian of her destiny!

" JULIA, by every Muse belov'd and blest,
By every glowing grace that lifts that breast!
By passion's soul, that fires the piercing eye,
By Rapture's energy, by Pity's sigh,
I charge thee, stoop not, e'en in anger just,
To paint the pois'nous aspic of the dust."

JULIUS.

ORACLE,
October 7, 1791.

TO JULIUS.*

THE dusky veil of night was thrown
O'er the flush'd forehead of the west,
When thy soft harp's melodious tone
Rous'd the faint tenant of my breast;
A glow of joy my cheek o'erspread,
The classic page I scarce could see,
For Pride my raptur'd Fancy led
To learn the lesson taught by thee.

* James Boaden, Esq. A. M. author of "Fontainville Forest," a tragedy; "The Secret Tribunal," &c.

Yes, JULIUS, when the pensive breast,
Sick of Life's gaudy fev'rish dream,
Courts the cool hour of mental rest,
And owns Youth's season but a dream!
Sweet is the gale that wafts the sound
That bids corroding anguish flee;
And kind the voice of truth profound,
And blest the Muse that sings like thee.

But what avails the dulcet tone,
The lesson Wisdom's voice can preach?
Can Reason calm Affliction's groan,
Or Maxims patient suff'rance teach?
Know, lib'ral Bard, the vulgar throng
Who point the ranc'rous shaft at me,
Feel not the thrills of sacred song,
Nor heed the precepts taught by thee!

Yet in my bosom's ruby cell
The philosophic lore shall live!
For who can sooth the mind so well,
With all the graceful Muse can give?
And when the dart pale Envy wings,
With recreant mischief aims at me,
I'll turn where polish'd JULIUS sings,
And mock the power of Destiny!

And when weak Slander's subtle art
  Spits poison o'er the venal page,
With the proud lyre I'll shield my heart,
  And, smiling, mock the feeble rage!
So when the venom'd Spider stings,
  Whose wound no mortal can endure,
Let the rapt minstrel sweep the strings,
  And heav'nly music yields a cure![*]

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[*] The sting of the Tarantula is said to be cured by music.

STANZAS.

Written between Dover and Calais, in July 1792.

Bounding billow, cease thy motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er!
Cease thy roaring, foamy Ocean!
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign!
Love, with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs by turns of joy and pain!

Joy, that far from foes I wander,
Where their arts can reach no more;
Pain, that woman's heart grows fonder,
When the dream of bliss is o'er.

Love, by fickle fancy banish'd,
Spurn'd by Hope, indignant flies:
Yet, when Love and Hope are vanish'd,
Restless Mem'ry never dies!

Far I go, where Fate shall lead me,
Far across the troubled deep!
Where no stranger's ear shall heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

Proud has been my fatal passion,
Proud my injur'd heart shall be!
While each thought and inclination
Proves that heart was form'd for thee!

Not one sigh shall tell my story,
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory,
Grief that stoops not to complain.

Let the bosom, prone to ranging,
Still, by ranging, seek a cure:
Mine disdains the thought of changing,
Proudly destin'd to endure!

Yet, ere far from all I treasur'd,
T*******! ere I bid adieu,
Ere my days of pain are measur'd,
Take the song that's still thy due!

Yet believe, no servile passions
Seek to charm thy wand'ring mind;
Well I know thy inclinations,
Wav'ring as the passing wind!

I have lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee,
Through an age of worldly woe!
How ungrateful I have prov'd thee,
Let my mournful exile show.

Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
Hour by hour, I counted o'er;
Looking forward 'till to-morrow,
Ev'ry day I lov'd thee more.

Pow'r and splendour could not charm me,
I no joy in wealth could see;
Nor could threats or fears alarm me—
Save the fear of losing thee.

When the storms of fortune press'd thee,
I have sigh'd to hear thee sigh;
Or when sorrows dire distress'd thee,
I have bid those sorrows fly!

Often hast thou smiling told me,
Wealth and pow'r were trifling things;
While Love, smiling to behold me,
Mock'd cold Time's destructive wings.

When with thee, what ills could harm me?
Thou couldst every pang assuage!
Now, alas! what Hope can charm me?
Every moment seems an age!

Fare thee well, ungrateful rover!
Welcome Gallia's hostile shore:
Now the breezes waft me over;
Now we part—to meet no more!

STANZAS

TO

HIM WHO SAID, "WHAT IS LOVE?"

"SAY, what is Love?" I heard the sound
Steal softly on the western gale;
While flutt'ring Zephyrs, whisp'ring round,
Bore to mine ear thy gentle tale.

Dost thou not know?—Ah! minstrel sweet,
I'll tell thee—Love is but a dream,
A glitt'ring phantom, form'd to cheat,
The rainbow of youth's sunny beam.

On air-built throne the mischief dwells,
Bright to the fascinated view;
Serene amidst tempestuous spells,
Disguis'd in tints of heav'nly hue!

We gaze, we wonder at his charms,
So passing fair the boy appears;
His sighs the fiercest rage disarms,
While cold indiff'rence melts in tears.

So humble seems the weeping child,
That Pity joys to see him blest;
While Passion hastes with transport wild,
And clasps him to her burning breast.

And if the cunning Urchin smiles,
The light-wing'd Pleasures flutt'ring nigh,
'Midst glowing blisses, sportive wiles,
Snatch rapture from his laughing eye.

For he can laugh, and sigh, and weep,
Now frown severe, then smile again;
And he can bid dull Sorrow sleep,
Or dash the cup of Joy with pain.

And he can cheer the throbbing breast,
While Hope's bright flame illumes his eye;
Can point the distant heav'n of rest,
Then bid the flatt'ring vision fly.

He can bid Poverty's sad child
  Repose upon his downy wing;
Can lull to peace Distraction wild,
  And heal pale Misery's sharpest sting.

But when, capricious, false, and vain,
  The tyrant shews his boasted pow'r,
The sensate bosom throbs with pain,
  And cares the vital throne devour.

Ah! then he triumphs—then he turns
  From Hope's fond gaze, indignant, cold;
From his proud heart the wretch he spurns,
  And smiles his victim to behold.

Ah, then he drinks the bitter tear,
  And mocks the soul-departing sigh;
While his dread minion, jealous Fear,
  Proclaims that dark Despair is nigh!

Unmov'd, he sees the languid look,
  The cheek slow-fading to decay,
The breast by every hope forsook,
  The mind to with'ring grief a prey!

He sees the wreath of Genius fade,
Blasted by pale Oblivion's breath,
As slow she seeks the fatal shade,
Where Madness points the cave of Death.

If o'er some tow'ring rock he bends,
And, shrunk with anguish, weeps and raves;
If black Despair his bosom rends,
While from the steep the storm he braves;

Or on the margin wild, forlorn,
He meditates perpetual sleep;
Or, on the ruthless whirlwinds borne,
Hangs trembling o'er the howling deep:

If to the Moon he tells his woes,
When midnight guides her sable rein;
Or shrieks with fierce convulsive throes,
Till frenzy grasps his burning brain:

Or if, in rosy graces drest,
He lures thee to his fatal bow'r,
And tells thee he will make thee blest,
With proud delight's extatic pow'r:

Ah, heed him not, thou Minstrel sweet!
The tempter courts but to abuse;
From the fell traitor turn thy feet,
And live—a fav'rite of the Muse!

THE RECANTATION.

TO LOVE.

Tell not me of silv'ry sands,
  Rocks of coral, caves of gold;
Love my votive song demands,
  Love can brighter themes unfold.

Rove amidst Golconda's mines,
  Lave thy form 'midst pearly seas;
While Love's spell around me twines,
  I can scorn such joys as these.

Go, where Citron groves entwine,
  Where gigantic Aloes bloom;
Love can form his myrtled shrine,
  'Midst the rugged desart's gloom.

Go, where Austral skies invite
  Perfum'd gales from roseate bow'rs,
While, amidst the sultry night,
  Round thee balmy Ether show'rs.

Go, where drops the tepid Vine,
  Where the honey'd Hybla glows;
Let their sweetest gifts combine,
  Love has sweeter gifts than those.

Go, where clouds of orient gold
  Gently sail o'er amber floods;
Go, where musky flow'rs unfold,
  Shedding odours from their buds.

Go, where Morn, with rosy crest,
  Shakes her golden tresses bright;
Go, where Evening's glowing vest
  Clothes the plain in purple light.

Still will sick'ning Fancy die,
  Sated with their gaudy hues:
So the trav'ller's aching eye
  Day's effulgent lustre views.

Come then, Love, delicious Boy!
  Come, in all thy charms array'd:
Thine alone is real joy,
  All the rest a glitt'ring shade.

I with thee will climb the steep
  Where the brawling torrents flow,
Rushing with impetuous sweep
  To the quiv'ring lake below.

I with thee will wander far,
  Where the rippling river strays,
While the twinkling evening star
  Shoots around its feeble rays;

Till the pallid Queen of Night,
  Rising, lifts her silver wreath,
Spreading soft and trembling light
  O'er the silent world beneath.

Then, I'll lead thee to my home,
  Blest retreat of mental joys,
Far from Folly's splendid dome,
  Far from Fashion's trivial toys.

Then, I'll court thee to repose
On my mossy pillow rude,
Where false friends and envious foes
Dare not break our solitude.

Come then, LOVE, delicious Boy!
Come, in all thy charms array'd;
Thine alone is real joy,
All the rest a glitt'ring shade.

THE FUGITIVE.

Oft have I seen yon solitary man
Pacing the upland meadow. On his brow
Sits melancholy, mark'd with decent pride,
As it would fly the busy taunting world,
And feed upon reflection. Sometimes, near
The foot of an old tree, he takes his seat,
And with the page of legendary lore
Cheats the dull hour, while Evening's sober eye
Looks tearful as it closes. In the dell
By the swift brook he loiters, sad and mute,
Save when a struggling sigh, half murmur'd, steals
From his wrung bosom. To the rising Moon,
His eye rais'd wistfully, expression fraught,
He pours the cherish'd anguish of his soul,
Silent, yet eloquent: For not a sound
That might alarm the night's lone centinel,
The dull-ey'd Owl, escapes his trembling lip,

Unapt in supplication. He is young,
And yet the stamp of thought so tempers youth,
That all its fires are faded. What is He?
And why, when morning sails upon the breeze,
Fanning the blue hill's summit, does he stay
Loit'ring and sullen, like a truant boy,
Beside the woodland glen; or stretch'd along
On the green slope, watch his slow wasting form
Reflected, trembling, on the river's breast?

His garb is coarse and threadbare, and his cheek
Is prematurely faded. The check'd tear,
Dimming his dark eye's lustre, seems to say,
"This world is now, to me, a barren waste,
A desart, full of weeds and wounding thorns,
And I am weary: for my journey here
Has been, though short, but cheerless." Is it so?
Poor traveller! Oh tell me, tell me all—
For I, like thee, am but a Fugitive,
An alien from delight, in this dark scene!

And, now I mark thy features, I behold
The cause of thy complaining. Thou art here
A persecuted exile! one, whose soul,
Unbow'd by guilt, demands no patronage
From blunted feeling, or the frozen hand
Of gilded Ostentation. Thou, poor Priest!

Art here, a stranger, from thy kindred torn—
Thy kindred massacred! thy quiet home,
The rural palace of some village scant,
Shelter'd by vineyards, skirted by fair meads,
And by the music of a shallow rill
Made ever cheerful, now thou hast exchang'd
For stranger woods and vallies.
What of that?
Here, or on torrid desarts; o'er the world
Of trackless waves, or on the frozen cliffs
Of black Siberia, thou art not alone!
For there, on each, on all, the DEITY
Is thy companion still! Then, exiled man!
Be cheerful as the Lark that o'er yon hill
In Nature's language, wild, yet musical,
Hails the Creator! nor thus sullenly
Repine, that, through the day, the sunny beam
Of lust'rous fortune gilds the palace roof,
While thy short path, in this wild labyrinth,
Is lost in transient shadow.
Who, that lives,
Hath not his portion of calamity?
Who, that feels, can boast a tranquil bosom?
The fever, throbbing in the tyrant's veins
In quick, strong language, tells the daring wretch
That he is mortal, like the poorest slave
Who wears his chain, yet healthfully suspires.

The sweetest Rose will wither, while the storm
Passes the mountain thistle. The bold Bird,
Whose strong eye braves the ever-burning orb,
Falls like the summer Fly, and has at most
But his allotted sojourn. Exiled Man,
Be cheerful! Thou art not a fugitive!
All are thy kindred—all thy brothers, here—
The hoping—trembling creatures—of one God!

THE BIRTH-DAY.

HERE bounds the gaudy gilded chair,
Bedeck'd with fringe, and tassels gay;
The melancholy Mourner there
Pursues her sad and painful way.

Here, guarded by a motley train,
The pamper'd Countess glares along;
There, wrung by poverty and pain,
Pale Mis'ry mingles with the throng.

Here, as the blazon'd chariot rolls,
And prancing horses scare the crowd,
Great names, adorning little souls,
Announce the empty, vain, and proud.

Here four tall lacquies slow precede
A painted dame, in rich array;
There the sad shiv'ring child of need
Steals barefoot o'er the flinty way.

" Room, room! stand back!" they loudly cry,
The wretched poor are driv'n around
On ev'ry side, they scatter'd fly,
And shrink before the threat'ning sound.

Here, amidst jewels, feathers, flow'rs,
The senseless Duchess sits demure;
Heedless of all the anguish'd hours
The sons of modest worth endure.

All silver'd, and embroider'd o'er,
She neither knows nor pities pain;
The Beggar freezing at her door
She overlooks with nice disdain.

The wretch whom poverty subdues
Scarce dares to raise his tearful eye;
Or if by chance the throng he views,
His loudest murmur is a sigh!

The poor wan mother, at whose breast
The pining infant craves relief,
In one thin tatter'd garment drest,
Creeps forth to pour the plaint of grief.

But ah! how little heeded here
The fault'ring tongue reveals its woe;
For high-born fools, with frown austere,
Contemn the pangs they never know.

"Take physic, Pomp!" let Reason say,
"What can avail thy trappings rare?
The tomb shall close thy glitt'ring day,
The BEGGAR prove thy equal there!"

THE FISHERMAN.

ALONG the smooth and glassy stream
The little boat glides slow;
And while beneath the rosy beam
Of setting sun the waters glow,
The FISHERMAN is singing gay,
"Sweet is the hour of setting day."

The net, expanded wide, displays
The snare of direful fate;
And where the finny victim plays
The shafts of Death unseen await!
And still the FISHERMAN is gay,
Singing at close of summer's day.

The zephyrs on each willow bed
In busy whispers fly,
And o'er the lowly, peaceful shed
The mournful screech-owls hov'ring cry;
Yet still the FISHERMAN can say,
"How cheerful is the close of day!"

The rising moon, with quiv'ring light,
Along the river throws
A soft beam from the brow of night,
And still a mimic day bestows;
While on the smooth and liquid way
The silent FISHERMAN is gay.

The rosy dawn above the hills
Scatters the sev'ring clouds,
And myriads flitting o'er the rills,
The violet-scented margin shrouds:
And from his hut, to greet the day,
The FISHERMAN comes blythe and gay.

Happy is he who never knew
The idle pride of state!
Who, stranger to the sordid crew,
Lives unmolested by the great;
Who labours thro' his little day,
And, pleas'd with labour, still is gay.

Poor Fisherman! would man like thee
Contented pass his hour;
Would those of loftier destiny
Forbear to use the rod of pow'r—
How man thro' life's busy day
Would sing like thee—belov'd and gay!

STANZAS.

SINCE Fortune's smiles too often give
Respect to fools, to knaves renown,
Let Reason bid me calmly live,
And Fortune mark me with a frown!

For who would buy the wretched state
Which conscious vice or dullness knows?
Or who be vainly, meanly great,
With pow'r that from oppression grows?

While Nature, with a partial hand,
Her darling children beckons forth;
While fools and knaves usurp command,
And Fortune flies from modest worth!

Then give, oh! Fortune! all thy store
To insects of a sunny day;
While I the paths of truth explore,
And smile the darkest hour away.

THE WORST OF ILLS.

WHAT wounds more deep than arrows keen
Piercing the heart subdu'd;
What renders life a dreary scene?
Thy sting, INGRATITUDE!

For ev'ry pain that man can know
Has still an antidote for woe,
Save where INGRATITUDE is found
Giving its deep and deadly wound.

Does Love neglected, pining sad,
On ev'ry joy obtrude;
Does Pleasure fly the bosom glad,
Stung by INGRATITUDE?

Oh, yes! for what is life to those
Who find no hour of soft repose,
Who trace in ev'ry path that weed
Which bids the feeling bosom bleed?

Thou fiend INGRATITUDE! to thee
All lesser evils bend;
Thou potent shaft of destiny,
Where will thy poisons end?

The wretch who smarts beneath thy fang,
Day after day endures the pang,
And finds there is no balm to cure
Thy wound, for ever deep and sure!

Where'er in life's precarious scene
My weary feet have stray'd,
Thou hast my taunting follower been
In sunshine and in shade.

In poverty I found thee ever
The bonds of social feelings sever;
And when I sunk by grief subdu'd,
I felt thy wound, INGRATITUDE!

I found thee in the smile of Love,
In Friendship's sacred vest,
In rustic meekness saw thee move,
Pois'ning the untaught breast.

When Fortune, often dull and blind,
Heap'd splendour on the vulgar mind,
Scattering on pride and vice her favour,
INGRATITUDE, I found thee ever!

Thou Imp destructive! bane of rest,
  Turn from my aching heart;
Nor still in artful kindness drest,
  Thy fatal stings impart.

This bosom, long assail'd by thee,
No more thy victim slave shall be;
No more shall be by thee subdu'd,
Thou worst of ills—INGRATITUDE!

THE GAMESTER.

SAY, what is he, whose haggard eye
  Scarce dares to meet the morning ray?
Who, trembling, would, but cannot fly
  From man, and from the busy day?
Mark how his lip is fever'd o'er,
  Behold his cheek, how deathly it appears!
See! how his bloodshot eye-balls pour
  A burning torrent of unpitied tears!

Now watch the varying gesture wild,
  See how his tortur'd bosom heaves!
Behold Misfortune's wayward child,
  For whom no kindred bosom grieves!
Despis'd, suspected, ruin'd, lost,
  His fortune, health, and reputation flown—
On Mis'ry's stormy ocean tost,
  Condemn'd to curse his fate—and curse ALONE!

Once were his prospects bright and gay,
And Independence blest his hours;
This was the smooth and sunny way
Where tip-toe Pleasure scatter'd flow'rs:
Love bound his brow with thornless sweets,
And Friendship, smiling, fill'd his cup of joy:
Now, not a friend the wand'rer meets,
For, like a wolf—he wanders to destroy!

All day upon a couch of thorn
His weary fev'rish limbs recline;
All night, distracted and forlorn,
He hovers round the fateful shrine:
Eager to seize, with grasping hands,
The slender pittance of each easy fool,
He links himself with caitiff bands,
And learns the lesson of the GAMESTERS' school!

One hour elate with ill-got gold,
And dazzled by the shining ore,
In plenitude of joys behold
The Prodigal display his store!
The next in poverty and fear,
He hides him, trembling at approaching fate,
While greedy creditors appear,
And with remorseless rage lurk round his gate.

Then comes the horror-breeding hour!
While recreant Suicide attends;
Or Madness, with impetuous pow'r,
The scene of desolation ends!
Upon his grave no Parent mourns,
No widow'd Love laments with graceful woe;
No dawn of joy for him returns,
For Heav'n denies that PEACE his frenzy lost below!

MY NATIVE HOME.

O'ER breezy hill and woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey,
The wretch in sadness still shall roam
Who wanders from his NATIVE HOME.

While at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream, or whisp'ring wind,
His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his NATIVE HOME.

Though Love a fragrant couch may weave,
And Fortune heap a festive board,
Still Mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And Reason scorn the splendid board;
While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his NATIVE HOME.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen;
While noise, and pomp, and pow'r, appear,
At best, the glitt'ring plagues of men;
Unsought by those who never roam,
Forgetful of their NATIVE HOME.

Let me to summer shades retire,
With meditation and the Muse;
Or round the social winter fire
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse:
Though winds may howl and waters roam,
I still shall bless my NATIVE HOME.

THE SUMMER DAY.

Ah! who beneath the burning ray
Can bear the long, long summer's day?
Who, 'mid the dust and scorching sun,
Content, his daily race will run?
And yet, when winter's icy breath
Flies o'er the white and frozen heath,
The wand'rer shudders to behold
The dreary scene, and shrinks with cold.

When drifted snow across the plain
Spreads desolation's chill domain,
The Trav'ller, sighing, seems to say,
"Ah! wou'd it were a SUMMER'S DAY!"
Yet when the sun flames far and wide,
He hastens to the wood's dark side,
And, shelter'd by embow'ring trees,
Sighs for the fresh and cooling breeze!

When dusty roads impede his way,
And all around the fervid ray
Scorches the dry and yellow heath,
Unvisited by Zephyr's breath:
Or, when the torrent wildly pours,
When the fierce blast impetuous roars,
Man, still on changes fondly bent,
Still murmurs, sad and discontent!

THE WINTRY DAY.

Is it in mansions rich and gay,
On downy beds, or couches warm,
That Nature owns the wintry day,
And shrinks to hear the howling storm?
Ah! No!

Tis on the bleak and barren heath,
Where Mis'ry feels the ice of death,
As to the dark and freezing grave
Her children, not a friend to save,
Unheeded go!

Is it in chambers silken drest,
At tables which profusions heap,
Is it on pillows soft to rest,
In dreams of long and balmy sleep?
Ah! No!

'Tis in the rushy hut obscure,
Where Poverty's low sons endure,
And, scarcely daring to repine,
On a straw pallet, mute, recline,
O'erwhelm'd with woe!

Is it to flaunt in warm attire,
To laugh, to feast, and dance, and sing;
To crowd around the blazing fire,
And make the roof with revels ring?
Ah! No!

'Tis on the prison's flinty floor,
'Tis where the deaf'ning whirlwinds roar;
'Tis when the Sea-boy, on the mast,
Hears the wave bounding to the blast,
And looks below!

'Tis in a cheerless naked room,
Where Mis'ry's victims wait their doom,
Where a fond mother famish'd dies,
While forth a frantic father flies,
Man's desp'rate foe!

Is it where gamesters thronging round,
Their shining heaps of wealth display?
Where fashion's giddy tribes are found,
Sporting their senseless hours away?
Ah! No!

'Tis in the silent spot obscure,
Where, forc'd all sorrows to endure,
Pale Genius learns—oh! lesson sad!
To court the vain, and on the bad
False praise bestow!

Where the neglected Hero sighs,
Where Hope, exhausted, silent dies,
Where Virtue starves, by Pride oppress'd,
'Till ev'ry stream that warms the breast
Forbears to flow!

LINES

WRITTEN ON A SICK BED, 1797.

ANOTHER night of fev'rish pain
Has slowly pass'd away!
I see the morning light again;
What does it bring? another day
Of Hope—delusive—vain!

Another night of busy thought
Has stol'n uncheerly on!
And what has rosy morning brought?
Is anguish with the lone hour gone,
The hour with darkness fraught?

I see again the chearful light,
But still my soul's forlorn!
The sun-beam glitters, all is bright,
Soft dews the fragrant fields adorn,
But still to me 'tis night!

A sullen gloom o'erwhelms my mind,
  While slow the hours creep on;
For wheresoe'er I gaze I find
  Dark weeds to feast my soul upon,
With Mem'ry's thorns entwin'd.

I see Deceit in sainted guise
  Of holy Friendship, smile;
I mark Oppression's eager eyes,
  And tremble as the breath of Guile
Assumes Affection's sighs.

Then, bed of sickness! thou to me
  No keener pangs canst bring;
I have familiar grown with thee;
  And while the scorpion sorrows sting
My soul no joy can see.

Yet, bed of sickness! while my breast
  In fev'rish throbs shall rise
My cheek shall smile—and endless rest
  Anticipating Hope supplies
Hereafter—with the blest!

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY

FOR THE WINTER SEASON, 1799.

Ye leafless woods, ye hedge-rows bare,
Farewel! awhile farewel!
Now busy scenes, my thoughts must share
Scenes of low guile,
Where shrewd Hypocrisy shall smile,
And empty Folly dwell!

Ye rising floods, ye mountains bleak,
Farewel! awhile farewel!
The din of mingling tones I seek;
The midnight gloom
I change, for the light taper'd room
Where sounds unmeaning swell.

Ye meadows wide, that skirt the stream,
Farewel, awhile farewel!
Ye green banks, where the summer beam,
So rich and gay,
Among the fragrant buds would play
Adown the silent dell.

Now dark and dreary hours I see,
I hear the deaf'ning noise;
The troublous scene returns to me,
Who sick'ning sigh
For the soft breeze, and summer sky,
With all their glowing joys!

Yet, yet, where'er my course I bend,
May ev'ry hour be blest
With the sweet converse of A FRIEND!
The smile that shows
A calm contempt for human woes:
Then, Splendour take the rest!

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTON.

THE evening sun now sinks serene,
Flush'd Ocean's glowing waves between;
The purpling sky is fading fast,
With tints of varying hue o'ercast;
The sultry breezes fan the deep,
And bid the restless billows sleep;
The glooms of night will soon o'erspread
The blue hills solitary head;
And all of NATURE's tribe shall rest,
All but the LOVER's aching breast!

Now o'er yon dark and rocky bed
The sea weed waves its sable head!
The moon her silver crescent rears,
To deck with modest light the spheres;
The moaning of the distant deep
Marks where the twilight breezes sleep;
And hark! the sea-bird's lonely cry
Awakes the LOVER's heart to sigh!

STANZAS TO REST.

WHEN hidden fears the bosom tears,
And love no longer cheats the breast,
HOPE comes to break the spells of care,
And give the tortur'd bosom *rest.*

The world looks gay, the shadows past,
All Nature smiles, by Fancy drest:
But soon the day of bliss o'ercast
Will prove—how short a LOVER'S REST!

The gentle breeze that fans the main,
Scarce seems to move the Halcyon's nest,
Soon yields to winter's potent reign,
And storms succeed the transient REST.

Then let the wretch, whom Pleasure flies,
Ne'er think that Rapture's sons are blest,
For Apathy alone supplies
The sweet, the envied balm of REST!

A WISH.

HEAV'N knows I never would repine,
Though Fortune's fiercest frowns were mine,
If Fate would grant, that o'er my tomb
One little laurel branch might bloom,
And Mem'ry sometimes wander near
To bid it live—and drop a tear!

I never would, for all the show
That tinsel splendour can bestow,
Or waste a thought, or heave a sigh,
For well I know 'tis pageantry!
Soon fading to the grave, 'tis o'er—
A pleasing phantom, seen no more!

I ask not worldly pow'r, to rule
The drooping child of mis'ry's school:
To tyrannize o'er him whom Fate
Has destin'd to a lowly state,
To me would prove a source of woe
More keen than such a wretch could know.

Oh! did the little great endure
The pangs they seldom stoop to cure!
Could pamper'd luxury then find
The charm to sooth the wounded mind!
The loftiest, proudest, would confess
The sweetest pow'r—THE POWER TO BLESS.

Give me the sensate mind, that knows
The vast extent of human woes;
And then, for independence, grant
The means to chear the child of want:
Though small the pittance, mine should be
The boundless joys of Sympathy!

But though ungentle Fortune flies,
And envious Fate her smile denies,
My heart will never cease to feel
The wounds it vainly hopes to heal:
Then Fate, to prove thy rage is o'er,
Ah! let me die—and feel no more!

FAREWEL TO GLENOWEN.

FAREWEL, dear GLENOWEN! adieu to thy mountains,
Where oft I have wander'd to welcome the day;
Farewel to thy forests, thy crystalline fountains,
Which stray through the valley, and moan as they stray.

O'er wide foamy waters I'm destin'd to travel,
A poor simple exile, forlorn and unknown;
Yet while the dark Fates shall my fortune unravel,
My thoughts, my affections, shall still be thy own.

Thy cities, proud GALLIA, thy wide-spreading treasures,
Thy vallies, where Nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to Fancy's wild measures,
Forget, for a moment, its own native groves.

But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,
Estrang'd from dear objects to wander alone;
Still counting the moments from morrow to morrow,
A poor weary traveller, lost and unknown.

Sweet vistas of myrtle, and paths of gay roses,
And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with shade,
Fresh banks of young vi'lets, where Fancy reposes,
And courts gentle slumbers her visions to aid;

The dark silent grotto, the soft-flowing fountains,
Where Nature's own music slow murmurs along;
The sun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains,
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear GLENOWEN! can'st bring sweeter pleasure,
All barren and bleak as thy summits appear;
And tho' thou can'st boast of no rich gaudy treasure,
Still Memory traces thy charms with a tear!

The keen blast may howl o'er thy vallies and
mountains,
And strip the rich verdure that mantles each
tree;
And winter may bind in cold fetters thy foun-
tains,
And still thou art dear, O GLENOWEN! to me.

TO SPRING.

Written after a Winter of Ill Health in the Year 1800.

LIFE glowing season! odour-breathing *Spring!*
Deck'd in cerulean splendours, vivid, warm,
Shedding soft lustre on the rosy hours,
And calling forth their beauties! Balmy *Spring!*
To thee the vegetating world begins
To pay fresh homage. Ev'ry southern gale
Whispers thy coming; every tepid show'r
Revivifies thy charms. The mountain breeze
Wafts th' ethereal essence to the vale,
While the low vale returns its fragrant hoard
With ten-fold sweetness. When the dawn unfolds
Its purple splendours 'mid the dappled clouds,
Thy influence chears the soul. When noon uplifts
Its burning canopy, spreading the plain
Of Heav'n's own radiance with one vast of light,
Thou smil'st triumphant! Ev'ry little flow'r
Seems to exult in thee, delicious Spring,
Luxuriant nurse of Nature! By the stream

That winds its swift course down the mountain's
side,
Thy progeny are seen,—young Primroses,
And all the varying buds of wildest birth,
Dotting the green slope gaily. On the thorn
Which arms the hedge-row, the young birds invite
With merry minstrelsy, shrilly and maz'd
With winding cadences; now quick, now sunk
In the low twitter'd song. The ev'ning sky
Reddens the distant main, catching the sail
Which slowly lessens, and with crimson hue
Varying the sea-green wave; while the young
Moon,
Scarce visible amid the warmer tints
Of western splendours, slowly lifts her brow,
Modest and icy-lustred! O'er the plain
The light dews rise, sprinkling the thistle's head,
And hanging in clear drops on the wild waste
Of broomy fragrance. Season of delight!
Thou soul-expanding pow'r, whose wond'rous glow
Can bid all *Nature* smile!—Ah! why to me
Come unregarded, undelighting still
This ever-mourning bosom? So I've seen
The sweetest flow'rets bind the icy urn,
The brightest sun-beams glitter on the grave,
And the soft zephyr kiss the troublous main
With whisper'd murmurs. Yes, to me, O Spring!
Thou com'st unwelcom'd by a smile of joy;

To *me!* slow with'ring to that silent grave,
Where all is blank and dreary. Yet once more
The *Spring eternal* of the *soul* shall dawn,
Unvisited by clouds, by storms, by change,
Radiant and unexhausted! Then, ye buds,
Ye plumy minstrels, and ye balmy gales,
Adorn your little hour, and give your joys
To bless the fond world-loving traveller,
Who smiling measures the long flow'ry path
That leads to *Death!* For to such wand'rers
Life is a busy, pleasing, chearful dream,
And the last hour unwelcome. Not to me,
O! not to me, stern Death, art thou a foe:
Thou art the welcome messenger that brings
A passport to a *blest and long repose!*

THE EXILE.

Lost on a rock of dreadful height,
And shrouded by the gloom of night,
A weary exile stood!
No wint'ry star its feeble ray
Shot forth to point the craggy way,
Or guide his devious steps to shun the foamy flood.

Above, the warring tempest howl'd,
And near the rav'nous She-wolf prowl'd,
A cataract plung'd below!
He shrunk!—the bleak blast yell'd around
He totter'd o'er the gulph profound,
While ev'ry startled sense was agoniz'd by woe.

For robb'd of joy, of peace bereft,
Adversity no balsam left
To heal the stings of scorn;
No sigh of love his pain beguil'd,
On him no friend, no kindred, smil'd,
To draw from Memory's wound affliction's rank
ling thorn!

Disdain'd by Fortune, stung by Art,
And tortur'd with a feeling heart,
Which Hope had left to break!
His sigh was lost amid the blast,
And Fancy, madd'ning on the past,
Bade tears, corroding tears, steal down his wither'd cheek.

Then why should he, with haggard eye,
Start from the She-wolf prowling nigh,
Or dread the gulph below?
Why totter o'er the dreadful steep,
And bear the pelting storm, and weep,
When one short step would end the tyranny of woe?

Poor exile! why such fears endure,
When Nature's hand presents a cure,
Which only death can give?
Methinks the wretched wand'rer cries—
"*Guilt* seeks the grave—the *coward* dies,
While *virtue* nobly dares to suffer and to *live!*"

STANZAS.

When the bleak blast of Winter howls o'er the blue hill,
And the valley is stripp'd of its verdant array,
When the Moon faintly gleams o'er the frost-silver'd spray,
And the yellow leaves flit o'er the ice mantled rill:

The poor simple offspring of labour and care,
By his turf-lighted hearth sits resign'd to his lot,
While the flame of affection illumines his cot,
And the often-told tale cheers the gloom of despair.

For him the blest beam of the soul-speaking eye,
The smile of pure Love, have their raptures in store;
And though the wild storm round his threshold shall roar,
He sinks to soft slumber, and dreams but of joy.

No hopeless fond passion corrodes in his breast,
His rude rushy pillow invites to repose;
No couch of light down and rich fragrance he knows,
But he knows what is sweeter—a pallet of rest!

For what are the pleasures the world can bestow—
The gay mirthful scene, or the banquet profuse?
What the laurel of Fame, or the song of the Muse,
When the heart bleeds in silence, the victim of woe?

O'er each prospect of bliss that fond fancy illumes,
The fix'd brow of Prudence frowns sadly severe,
While my cheek, warm with blushes, is chill'd by Love's tear,
And the sigh of Regret fans the flame that consumes:

For, perish the heart that can meanly desire
The cold balm of Pity to sooth its despair!
My passion shall scorn the dear object to share,
And, exulting in silence, shall proudly expire!

Yes, in silence, proud silence, I'll muse o'er his
worth,
Though reflection shall steal the faint Rose from
my cheek,
Though my eye's faded lustre its poison shall
speak,
And my heart-bursting sighs bend my frame to the
earth!

Then rest, my sad bosom—henceforth be at peace!
Thy hopes and thy anguish will shortly be o'er:
Stern Prudence shall frown on thy passion no
more,
For in Death's cold embrace all thy sorrows will
cease!

" To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time."

SHAKESPERE'S MACBETH.

REFLECTIONS.

AH! who has pow'r to say,
To-morrow's Sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah! who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight
This hour enchants the wond'ring sight,
These raptures will endure?

Is there in Life's dull toil,
One certain moment of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid Reflection smile?

What is the mind of man?
A chaos where the passions blend,
Unconscious where the mass will end,
Or when it first began!

In childhood's thoughtless hours
We frolic through the sportive day;
Each path enchanting, sunny, gay,
All deck'd with gaudy flow'rs!

In Life's maturer prime
We wander still in search of Peace;
And, as our weary toils encrease,
Fade in the glooms of Time.

From scene to scene we stray,
Still courting Pleasure's fickle smile,
While she, delighting to beguile,
Still farther glides away.

We seek Hope's gentle aid,
We think the lovely Phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flow'rs,
Which blossom but to fade!

We court Love's thrilling dart,
And when we think our joys supreme,
We find its raptures but a dream—
Its boon, a wounded heart!

We pant for glitt'ring Fame,
And when pale Envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore,
And when we gain the golden prize,
And Death appears!—with aching eyes
We view the useless store.

We bask in Friendship's beam,
But when malignant cares assail,
And Fortune's fickle favours fail,
We find 'tis but a dream!

We pine for idle joy;
Intemp'rance leads to sure decay;
The brightest prospects fade away,
The sweetest—soonest cloy!

How frail is Beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek—the sparkling eye,
Scarce seen, before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb!

Then, since this fleeting breath
Is but the zephyr of a day,
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of Death!

And let the gen'rous mind
With Pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind.

For who, alas, shall say,
"To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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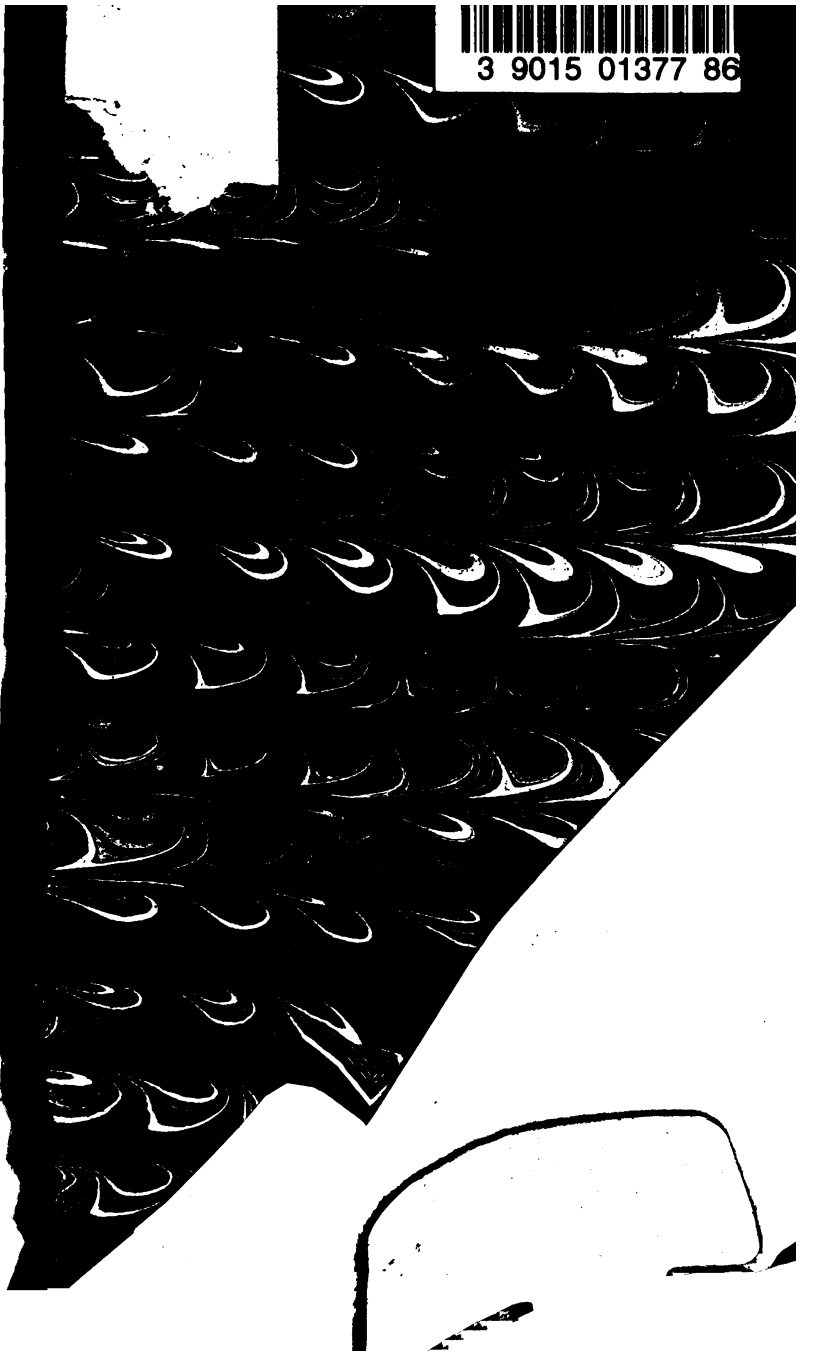
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